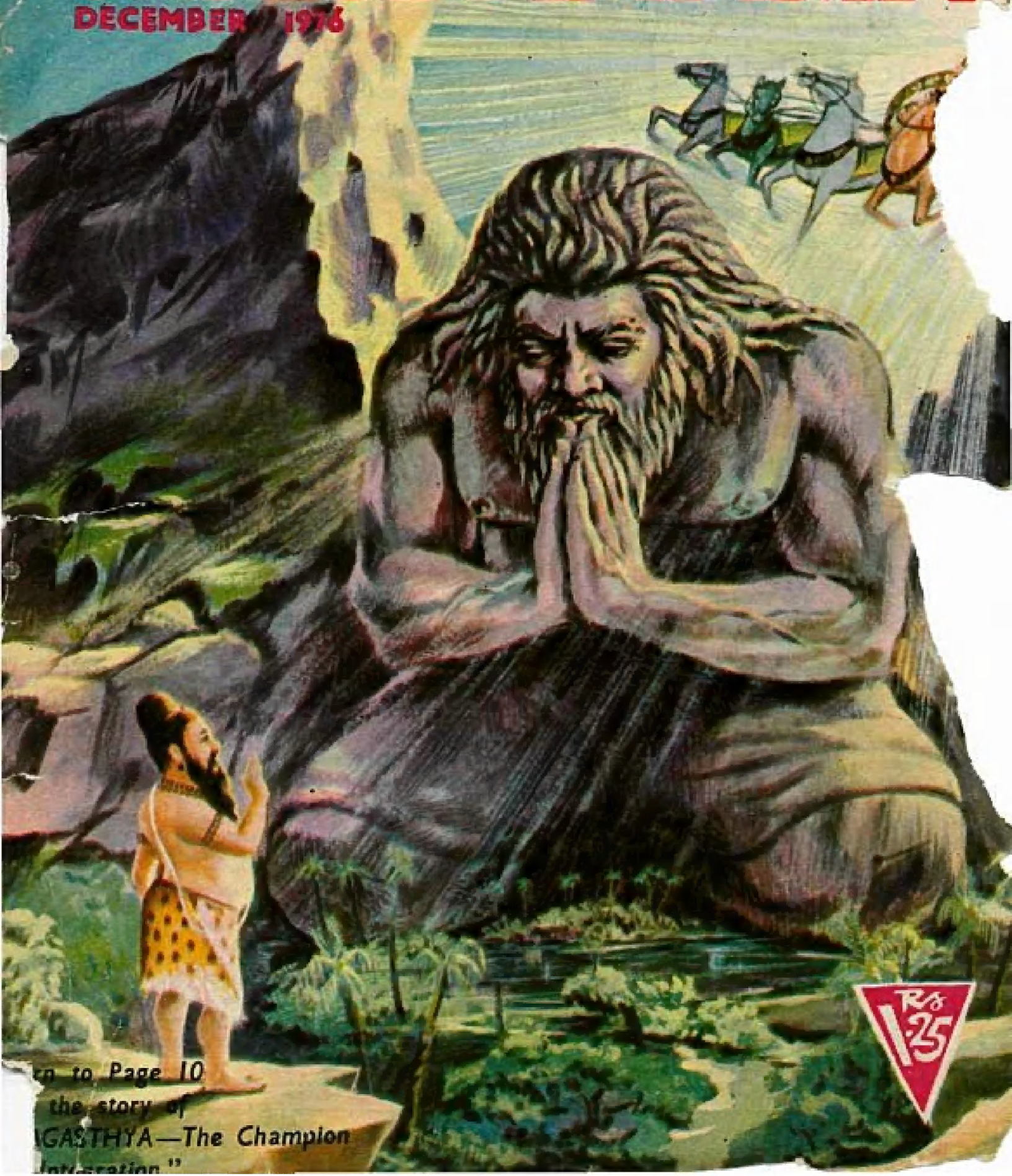


CHANDAMAMA

DECEMBER 1976



Go to Page 10
for the story of
"VAGASTHYA—The Champion
of the 'Integration'"



"But you said
they can
be washed
lean!"



Somany-Pilkington's Wall Tiles, are easily washable and completely hygienic. Available in many designs and lasting colours, including gleaming white, they look marvellous. And the sanitaryware made by Hindustan Sanitaryware & Industries Limited—and Soma Metal Fittings by Soma Plumbing Fixtures Limited go beautifully with Somany-Pilkington's Wall Tiles.

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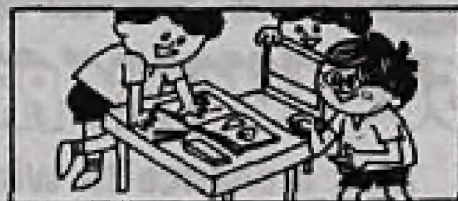
2, Red Cross Place, Calcutta-700001

naa. SPL-7523

RAJU'S SECRET



Hey — Raju's first again!
How does he do it?
Teacher always favours him.
Ssh — Chaps — let's look in his desk.



Wow — look at his Geometry book!
Drawings so neat, so accurate!



His Science Book — such
beautiful diagrams!
Teacher writes 'Excellent, keep it up!
Quick — put them back — Raju's coming!



Looking for something boys?
Yes, Raju. Your secret.
How's your work always so
neat and tidy?

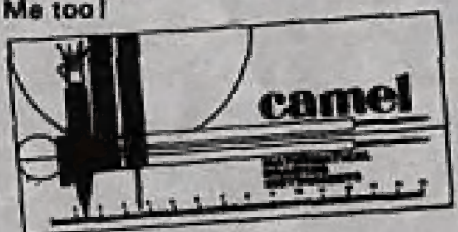


Simple, Chaps. My Camel
Instrument Box. That's
my secret. It's so
accurate — the best I've ever used.



Wow — must ask mother to get one
right away!
Me too!

Make Raju's secret
your secret...get a
camel
INSTRUMENT
BOX



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Join Camel water colour painting, Crylin colour
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Result of the Chandamama-Camel Colour Contest No: 5. (English)

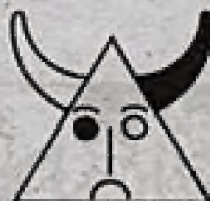
1st Prize: Kamal B. Mistry, Bombay. 2nd Prize: R. Uma, Neyveli. 3rd Prize: Kenneth Diaz, Bombay. Consolation Prizes: Amarpreet Singh, Bombay. Rowena Aberd, Mysore. R. Vidya, Madras. Bernard Heinicke, Bombay. Deepa Bhatnagar, New Delhi. Merit Certificate: Chi. M. Balraj, Secunderabad. Arif K. Goliwalla, Bombay. Francis Meneses, Ahmedabad. R. Anisha, Perumbavoor. G. Swarna Latha, Hyderabad. Olga Meneses, Ahmedabad. Moiz A. Merahant, Bombay. K. Maithili, Vishakhapatnam. Harshvadan U. Patel, Zandachok, Hema Mohini, Bombay.

FUN WITH GEMS

500 LUCKY PRIZES TO BE WON

plus a chance to win extra bumper prizes!

Which is the odd-man-out?



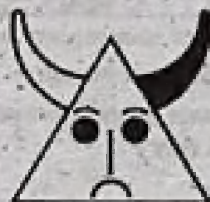
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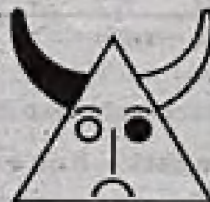
C



D



E



F



HURRY!

Send in your answer accompanied by one empty plastic packet of Cadbury's Gems. The first 500 successful entrants will each get a State Bank Gift Cheque for Rs.11. That means you also have a chance to win a bumper prize of Rs.400 on your gift cheque—an extra bonus for the lucky ones!

Please write the answer as well as your name and address in English only, and in block letters. Mail entries to:

"Fun with Gems" Dept. 19+F
Post Box No. 56, Thane 400 601.

Last date for receiving entries:
15-1-1977

COLOURFUL, CHOCOLATE-CENTRED *Cadbury's* **GEMS**

CHAITRA-C-39



CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 7

DECEMBER 1976

No. 6

Founder: CHAKRAPANI

THE CHANDAMAMA — 1977

You have made the **Chandamama** the national magazine of the young. And that has taken away the **Chandamama's** right to relax. It must rise to the occasion. It must be ever vigilant and dynamic in its aspiration to give you sweeter delight and greater benefit.

We hope, you are enjoying the tales behind the phrases and proverbs and are making them a part of your vocabulary. In their usual place you will find from January the stories of world's great books. Each time it will be at once a story which you will enjoy and a key to a classic which you may choose to read later. The tales of phrases and proverbs will appear elsewhere.

The other highlight of your magazine will be the story of India—through pictures. Since the dawn of civilisation great events have taken place upon this land. They are significant and exciting. Curled from mythology, legends, and history, your magazine will present you a pageantry of episodes through appropriate illustrations and commentary.

So far you have participated in the making of this magazine through your demands and suggestions. You are invited to demand even more: Ask your magazine a question or two on matters literary and cultural. You will find the answers in the pages of your magazine. This makes you duty-bound to see that your questions are of interest to others too.

All this will be yours in addition to the other salient features which are already there in the magazine.

IN THIS ISSUE

A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS FEATURE—Chirst and the Haunted Man
A SIGNIFICANT LEGEND—The Silent Prince
STORY OF AGASTHYA—The Great Integrator
STORY BEHIND A PHRASE—The Web of Penelope
THE VAMPIRE'S RIDDLE AND A MAGIC STORY
PLUS 10 COMPLETE STORIES
BESIDES OTHER REGULAR FEATURES

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 31st DECEMBER
- Winning captions will be announced in FEBRUARY issue
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name address, age and post to : PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST, CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE, MADRAS - 600 026

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in October Issue

The prize is awarded to : Ugorio Rodrigues
C/o. Victor's, Below Syndicate Bank
Margao, Goa.

Winning Entry - 'Crowing Rooster' - 'Drowsy Youngster'

NEWS FOR YOU...

The Last of the Dinosaurs

The popular notion is that there are no dinosaurs left. But this primitive beast still lives in the form of the reptile tuatura. These creatures are to be found in an archipelago of tiny islands off New Zealand coast. A tuatura lives up to 100 years.

River Saraswati is no Myth

River Saraswati, the glory of which is sung in the Rig-Veda, was not a real river but an image—thought many scholars. But the recent archaeological excavations have proved that the Saraswati, “once a mighty river”, actually flowed in a perennial flow down to the Arabian Sea, by the side of Kurukshetra.

The Most Popular Tune for National Anthems

According to a recent survey, the tune of “God Save the Queen”, the British national anthem, has been borrowed by at least 20 countries for their own national anthems. It combines the tunes of a medieval church song, an early Christmas carol, a folk song, and a 16th century dance rhythm. The tune of the anthem was evolved in the late 17th century.

...AND SOME VIEWS TOO

A Guide to 20th Century Thoughts on THOUGHT.

Men fear thought as they fear nothing else on earth—more than ruin, more even than death.

—Bertrand Russell

The man who does not do his own thinking is a slave, and is a traitor to himself and to his fellow-men.

—Robert G. Ingersoll

My thought is me: that is why I can't stop. I exist by what I think... and I can't prevent myself from thinking.

—Jean-Paul Sartre

The release of atom power has changed everything except our way of thinking, and thus we are being driven unarmed towards a catastrophe... The solution of this problem lies in the heart of human kind.

—Albert Einstein

His thoughts, few that they were, lay silent in the privacy of his head.

—Spike Milligan



USING THE BANDITS

Krishnadas, the moneylender, was not only miser, but also cruel. Once, during a famine, the poor villagers mortgaged the gold ornaments of their women with him and borrowed from him rice. Towards the end of the year a havoc was caused by a fire in the village and thatched houses of the villagers were destroyed. The receipts which they had obtained from Krishnadas were reduced to ashes. The greedy Krishnadas refused to return them their ornaments without the receipts.

The villagers prayed to him to be kind. They were even willing to pay penalty for their inability to produce the receipts. But Krishnadas did not relent. "You must produce the receipts. Otherwise you

have to pay the full price of your ornaments," he insisted.

The villagers then proposed to labour on the fields of Krishnadas without any remuneration for a week each. Even then Krishnadas did not yield.

The poorer among the villagers wept at this. But they did not know what to do.

Some of the agitated villagers one day secretly gathered in the courtyard of a widow who lived alone. Others did not know what transpired among them, but in a festival that took place a week later on the outskirts of the village, the widow was seen roaming about with a variety of glittering ornaments on her person.

Hundreds of people looked at

her with surprise, but few knew that what she wore was very cheap imitation of gold!

At midnight a gang of four bandits invaded her house and at the point of dagger asked her to surrender her ornaments.

"My boys! How do you hope that I will keep those costly things in this vulnerable hut?" she asked.

Her question sounded quite sensible to the bandits. "Where are the ornaments then?" they demanded.

"To tell you the truth, they are deposited in the iron chest of Krishnadas. I wear them once in a while on festive occasions," answered the widow.

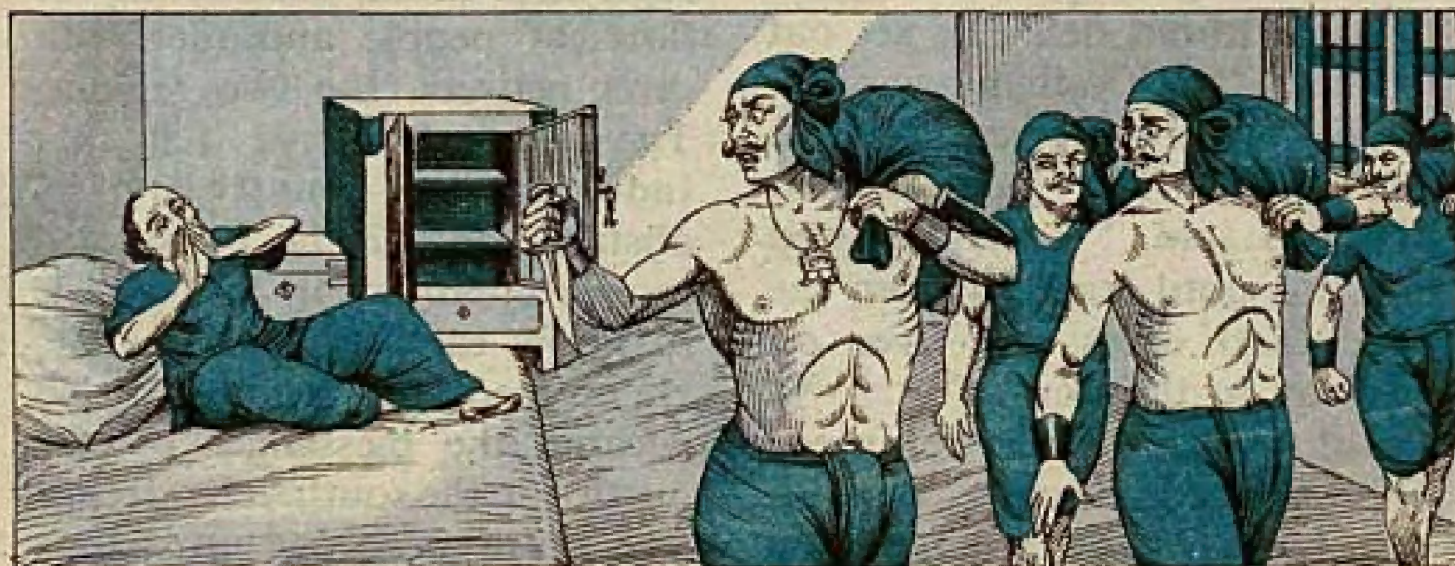
The bandits bound the widow's hands and feet and said, "We will soon find out whether you are speaking the truth or not. Then we will

either free you or kill you."

The bandits next forced open Krishnadas's house and compelled him to open his chest. They were pleased to find bundles of ornaments there. On their way back they freed the widow from the ropes.

But just when they were about to leave the village, a number of able-bodied villagers pounced upon them from the roadside trees. The bandits were taken aback. As they were not prepared for such an attack, they accepted defeat and ran for their life leaving their booty on the spot.

The villagers carried the bundles to the widow's house. They thanked her for her co-operation and then returned the ornaments to their owners, warning them never to say a word about it to others!



The Builders of India's Heritage

AGASTHYA- The Champion of Integration

In the days of yore there had once arisen a great problem: A quarrel broke out between the sun and the Vindhya Mountain. The angry Vindhya, in a bid to obstruct the sun's passage from the east to the west, raised its head very high.

The gods who were responsible for the proper functioning of the universe, were in a fix. How can the time continue to run, how can the night follow the day, if the sun was not allowed to go its way?

The worried gods approached the Vindhya's guru, the great rishi, Agasthya. The rishi understood the gravity of the situation. Without delay he set out to meet the Vindhya.

The Vindhya bowed down to Agasthya. The guru blessed him and said, "Remain bowed like this until I return from the south and cross you over on my way to the north."

But the guru never returned! The devoted disciple remains with his head lowered unto the

present day. The sun has no difficulty in spanning the sky.

Is it a mere story? No. Those who believe in the existence of supernatural powers, they say that the great rishis could certainly exercise their sway over rivers and mountains and forests and clouds. There is nothing improbable in Agasthya controlling the rise of the Vindhya.

But even scholars who do not take the story to be literally true, believe that it is a symbolic story. The Vindhya range of mountains spread between the northern and the southern regions of India, obstructing the flow of people and their cultures between the two regions. The seer Agasthya felt that India was one country and no obstacle should be considered too formidable for the people to know each other intimately. He crossed the Vindhya and became the messenger of the north for the south. The receptive south accorded Agasthya

a hearty welcome.

Two of the remarkable feats of this legendary seer have already been narrated to you in the series on the legends of India. They are about his role in the birth of the river Kaveri and how he punished the treacherous demon brothers, Ilvala and Vatapi. (See the April and the October 1975 issues of your magazine.) There are several other episodes which concern him. While he was in the south,

gods and men complained to him of their harassment by a tribe of giants known as the Kalakeyas. These giants hid under the sea during the day. At night they invaded villages and towns, burning houses, killing people and defiling temples.

Agasthya went to the seashore and looked for the giants. But the giants remained under the water, safe from his sight. They must have had a belly



laugh if they secretly peeped out from their shelter and saw the rishi out to destroy them. "What can this short-statured, bearded fellow do to us?" they must have thought.

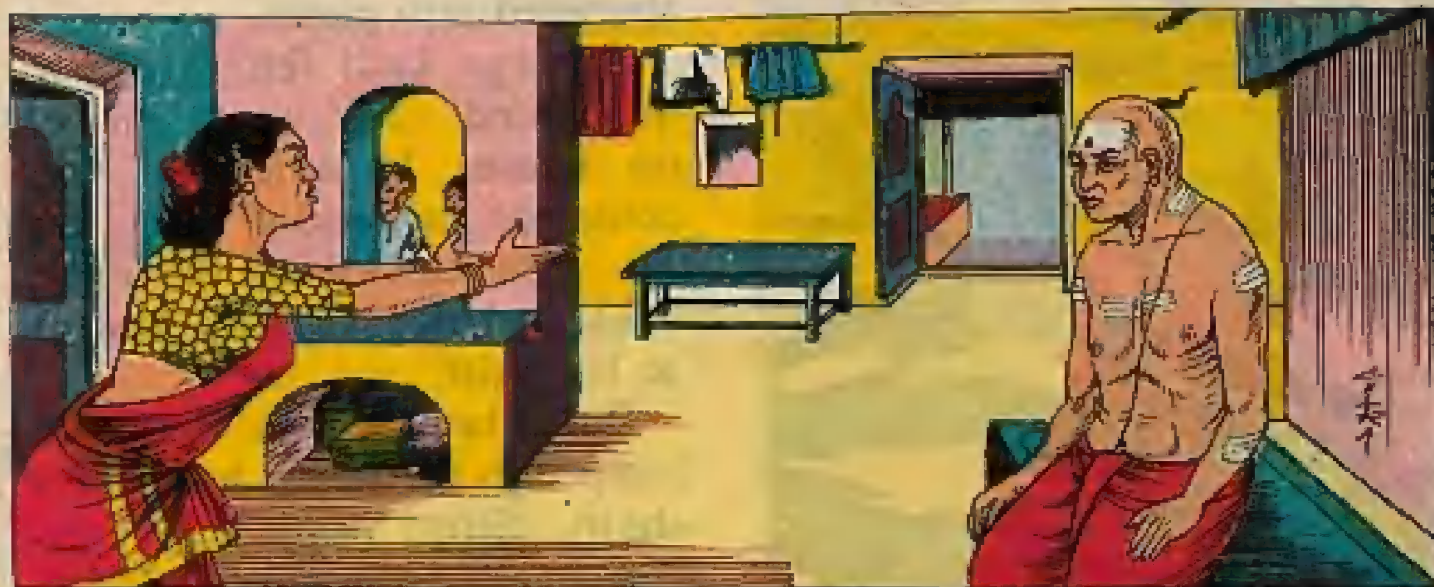
But Agasthya held a little sea water in his palm and drank it up. Instantly the whole sea dried up. The giants were exposed to the gods who rushed at them and killed them.

There are several spots in the south associated with the

memory of Agasthya. There are temples dedicated to him. India had had great rishis. But Agasthya was one of those few of them who mixed with the people freely and was a leader of the masses.

Agasthya was also among the authors of the Vedas. Great was his love for the country. It is he who is believed to have defined the geographical India as "the land extending from the Himalayas to Kanya Kumari."





THE DEAD BACK TO LIFE!

In a certain village in Bengal lived Acharya Lalit, a genuine scholar in scriptures. He enjoyed considerable reputation as a priest. He wandered from village to village performing religious rites and guiding sacred ceremonies in different households. He always returned with handsome gifts and money. He earned enough to maintain his small family consisting of his wife and two children—a son and a daughter.

But he knew no happiness at home. His wife, Survi, was extremely quarrelsome. She found a hundred reasons to shout at her neighbours. As though that was not enough, she abused her husband on

every slight issue.

Not that Survi did not love her husband. In fact, whenever Acharya Lalit was away, she repented for her conduct towards him and took a vow not to repeat it. But the vow was kept only till the Acharya was out of her sight. Once he came back and Survi saw him, she became loud with complaints. Even the children took pity for their father and pleaded with their mother not to be rude towards him. Survi then seemed to realise her folly, but only for a moment.

The Acharya did his best to please his wife. But his efforts hardly yielded any result and often brought rebuffs.



One day Acharya Lalit returned from some distant village, carrying a pumpkin wrapped up in a towel. "See what I have brought for you—what a large gift!" he announced looking at Survi. For a moment Survi looked glad perhaps expecting to see something valuable. But when the Acharya unfolded the towel and showed the pumpkin, she burst out, "Ah! What a precious gift! Did you not feel ashamed to boast of your earning as though it was a chunk of diamond?"

Survi then threw the pumpkin out into the courtyard. It got

shattered into pieces.

Acharya Lalit felt extremely humiliated. He went out of his house. In a feat of self-contempt, he decided to end his life. He hurried to the riverbank and tied a heavy boulder to his waist.

But when he was about to jump into the water, he heard a shout, "Stop! Stop!!"

Acharya Lalit saw his friend Somnath coming running at him.

"What is this you are going to do, Lalit? A great scholar that you are, how do you forget that to commit suicide was one of the greatest sins?" Somnath chided Lalit.

"I know, Somnath, but you too know the cause of my anguish. This is the only way I can put an end to my suffering," muttered Lalit.

"Look here, Lalit, an excellent idea has just flashed in my mind. I know that your wife is rude only in her external nature, not in her heart. It should not be difficult to change her. Just co-operate with me and see," said Somnath.

Lalit threw away the boulder and accompanied Somnath to his house although he was not quite hopeful of changing

Survi's nature.

At Somnath's house both the friends sat down for lunch. Somnath narrated his scheme to Lalit who heard it attentively and agreed to do as directed by his friend.

At sunset a bearded mendicant was seen entering Acharya Lalit's house. As Survi looked at the stranger with a little surprise, he asked, "Hello widow, what are you doing?"

"Go to hell, you stupid fellow! Do I look like a widow?" shouted Survi.

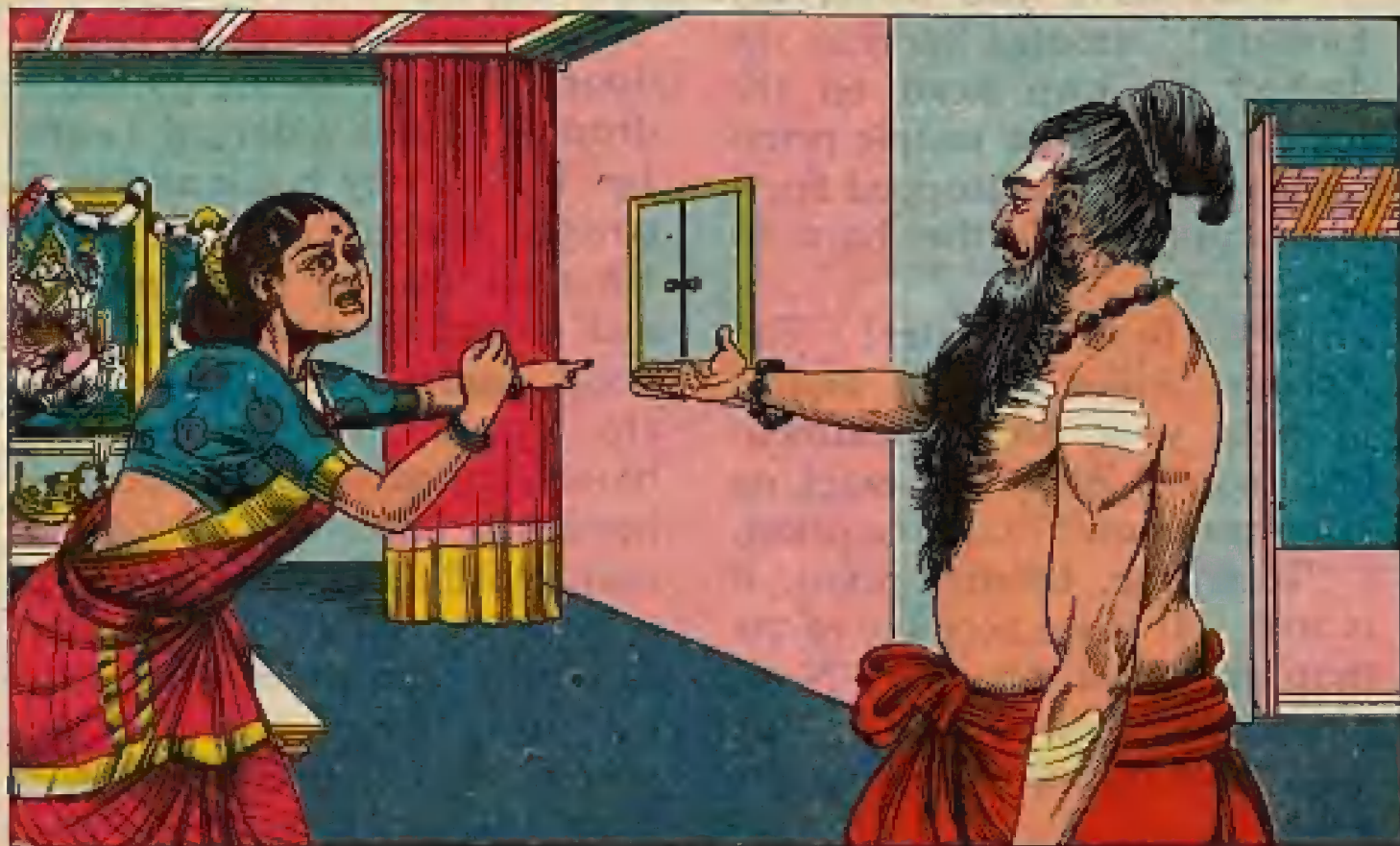
"You unlucky woman, you are still ignorant of the fact that your husband is lying dead,

eh?" said the mendicant.

"What do you mean?" shrieked Survi looking wild.

"I mean what I say, I have just now seen Acharya Lalit lying dead in front of the image of goddess Kali inside the temple. Come with me and see for yourself," said the mendicant calmly.

Survi followed the mendicant to the temple. The temple door was locked from outside. But the window remained open. Through it Survi could clearly see her husband lying in a pool of blood, a sword clamped on his throat. The blade of the sword, it appeared, had entered





deep into the throat.

"What have you done, my husband!" shouted Survi as she dashed her own head on the temple wall. The temple priest came running and stopped Survi from doing any further harm to herself.

"My foolish sister! The Acharya killed himself unable to bear your harsh treatment any more. What use cracking your head now?" said the priest.

"It is true, brother priest, it is true. It is on account of me that he ended his life. Now, please allow me to end my life too!" said Survi, wailing all the while.

The mendicant stepped forward and asked in a grave tone, "If you are ready to give your own life for sake of a dead husband, why couldn't you be just a little kind for a living husband?"

"That was my foolishness and I must pay for that with my life," said Survi.

"You need not, if you decide not to be foolish any more. I possess an elixir by which it is possible to bring the dead back to life. I am willing to treat Lalit's corpse with it provided you promise never to harass him again," said the mendicant.

Survi most eagerly promised to abide by the condition.

The priest opened the temple door. The mendicant poured a drop or two of water on Lalit's lips from a tiny bottle and then covered him with an ochre sheet. He then uttered some *mantra* and moved his hand on Lalit's body, under the ochre sheet. He slowly brought out the blood-stained sword from beneath the sheet and rolled and removed the sheet itself.

Lalit lay still. The mendicant rubbed a little more elixir on his throat. Soon Lalit stirred and fluttered his eyes open. Then he sat up like

waking from a deep slumber.

Survi sat down at the Acharya's feet and could hardly speak. Tears rolled down her cheeks. Lalit gave out a smile. Both then thanked the mendicant and left for home.

As soon as they left, the 'mendicant' pulled down his false beard and became his old self—Somnath.

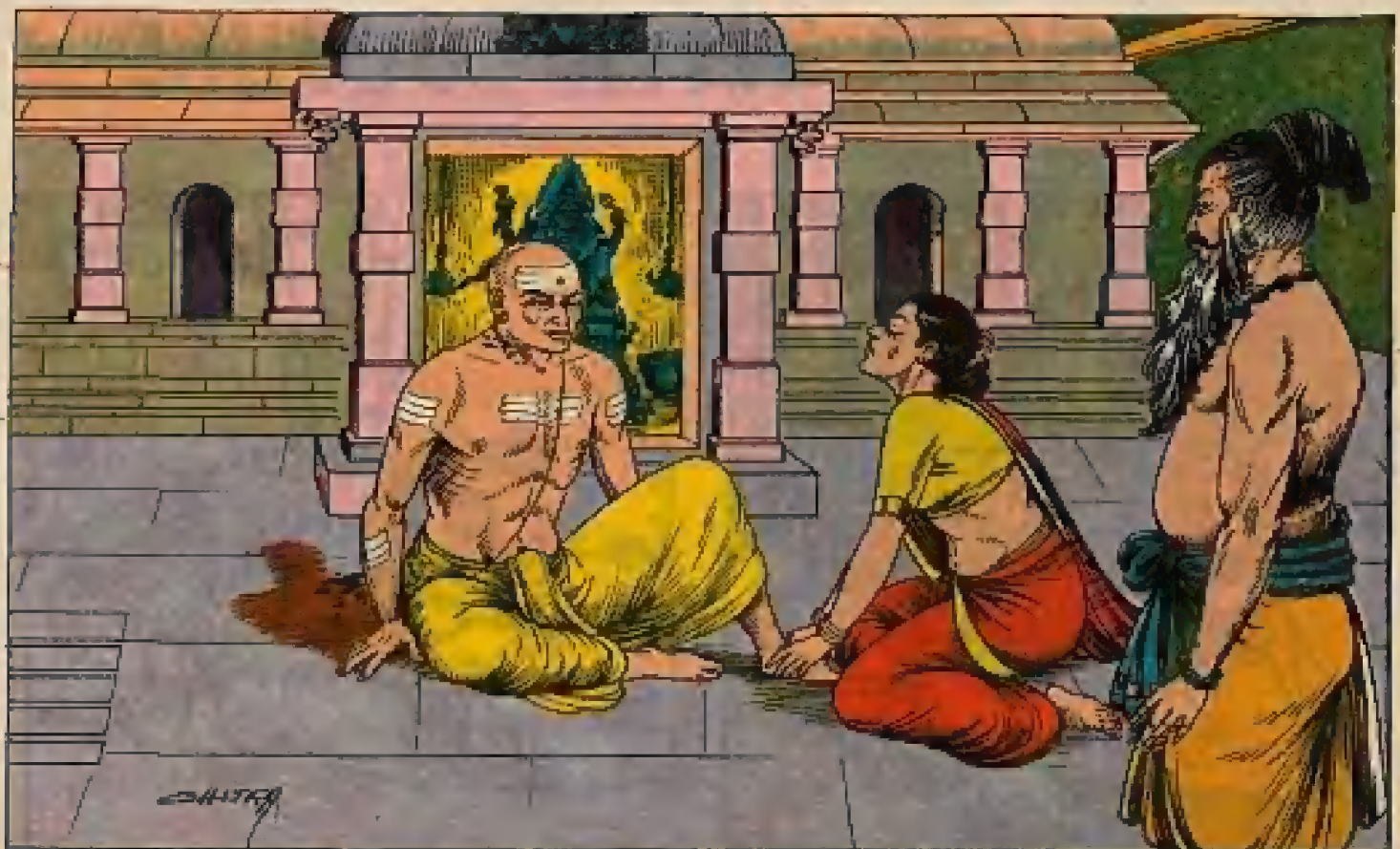
"So, Shastri, we have done a good thing, haven't we?" Somnath asked the priest.

"No doubt. But how could you create the illusion of the sword clamping deep into Lalit's throat? Even I had turned panicky for a moment," said

the priest.

"That was the trick, Shastri," explained Somnath smiling. He showed two swords of the same size. But at the middle of the blade of one of the swords there was a half-circular curve. When it was placed on anybody's throat, it appeared as if it had been driven deep into the throat!

"The sword I brought out was hidden under Lalit's back. While rolling off the sheet I managed to hide the curved sword under its fold," explained Somnath, "And what looked like blood was only a bottle of red ink."





"But we should not have performed a magic to deceive somebody right in front of the deity!" observed the priest.

"Don't you worry, Shastri, the deity would understand."

She would bless us for our saving Lalit from his intended suicide and restoring peace in his house," said Somnath.

Shastri, the priest, nodded and said, "I hope so."

by A. C. SORCER, Magician

WONDER WITH COLOURS



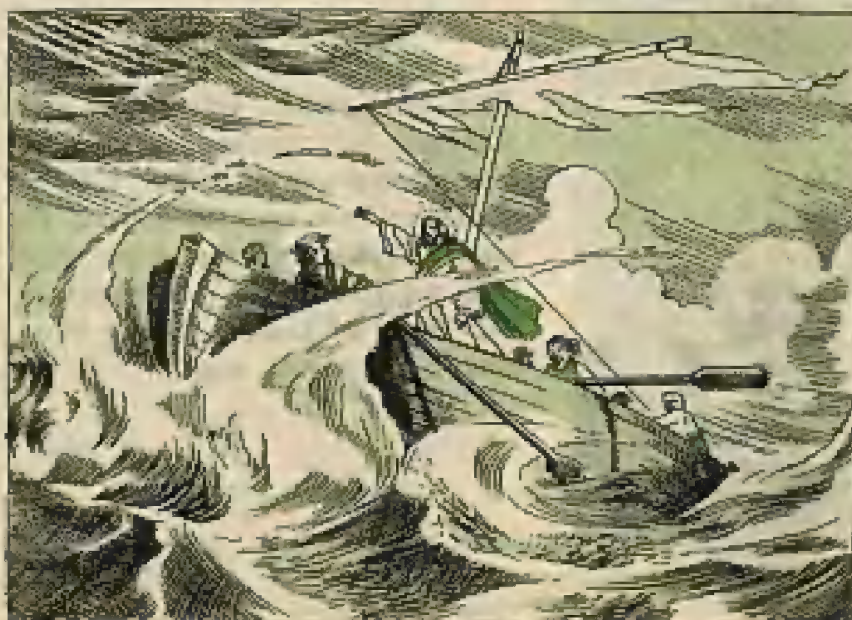


CHRIST AND THE HAUNTED MAN

The 25th of December, the Christmas Day, is a day of great rejoicing, for on that day was born Jesus Christ. He taught people how to serve the cause of Truth and

live a worthy life. But he was not always understood or appreciated.

Often curious crowds gathered around Christ to listen to his preaching. One day, for a little respite, Christ stepped into a boat. His followers rowed the boat to reach the other side of the lake Galilee while Christ fell asleep.



Soon a fierce storm developed and Christ was woken up by his disciples who shouted, "Master, Master, we are sinking!" Christ spoke to the storm, "Quiet down!" The storm subsided. Then he asked his disciples, "Where is your faith?" The disciples realised that it had not been proper for them to lose patience.



On the other side of the lake was a town known as Gadara. In that town lived a man who was considered violent and dangerous. All were afraid of him and all shunned him.

He had his family and house. But he lived in a cemetery, alone. He ate what he stole from others or what others gave him out of fear.



But this man, when he saw Christ, felt overwhelmed by his personality. As Christ stepped on to the shore he came running to him and fell at his feet, screaming, "O Son of God! I beg you, don't torment me."

But who really spoke was not the man, but a host of demons who had possessed him. The demons were afraid that Christ would rid the man of their possession. And they guessed right. Christ was determined to save the man from them.



The demons, who introduced themselves by a single word, Legion, found that the man they haunted had come under Christ's Grace and that they must leave him. On the hillside was seen a herd of pigs. The demons prayed that they be at least allowed to go over to the pigs.

Christ agreed to their request. The demons left the man. But in the next moment the pigs, possessed by them, became unruly. They jumped chaotically and drowned themselves in the lake.





The herdsmen ran into the town and informed the people about the loss of the pigs. A crowd soon gathered on the spot. All were surprised to see that the man they feared so much was now seated at Christ's feet, looking gentle and humble.

But the crowd had not come to thank Christ for changing an evil fellow into a good man. They were afraid of Christ. They perhaps thought that if he stayed longer, they will lose more of their property, as they had lost a few pigs!



Christ quietly prepared to go. The man he saved from the demons begged to go with him. But Christ said, "Go back to your family and tell them what a wonderful thing God had done for you."

Christ then left. The townsfolk were too ignorant to realise whom they drove away from their doors!



ONE DREAMED; THE OTHER DESERVED

Parnaketu, the prince of Pushpavant, dreamed an unusual dream: An enchanting damsel appeared and whispered to him, "Look for me along the seashore!"

"Seashore, seashore, let me rush to the seashore," repeated the prince when he woke up. This strange utterance of the prince was immediately reported to his parents, the king and the queen. They came to their only son's bedside and asked endearingly, "What is the matter with you, sonny?"

The prince narrated his dream to his parents and added, "I must find the damsel out and marry her!"

"You may marry her even if

she proves half as beautiful as you give her out. But a prince is not supposed to wander along the seashore in search of a bride. We will send a hundred brave soldiers to fetch the damsel for you," said the king.

"Yes, my son, you must not go to the seashore so early in the morning. You might catch cold," warned the queen.

So a hundred soldiers marched to the seashore and they kept on marching along the sandy beach till the noon. Then they returned to the palace. Their captain reported to the king, "What to speak of a damsel, we did not find even a shell!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the king

and said, looking at the prince, "A dream is a dream. Now, my boy, I will find a real bride for you before long."

"Do so, my lord!" said the queen. The courtiers were happy at the prospect of a marriage feast. The prince too looked satisfied.

But in the kingdom there was an orphan lad named Vinay. He heard of the prince's dream and when the soldiers left the seashore he kept on wandering along it.

"Maybe, I will find the damsel. If I lead her to the prince, he would no doubt give me a handsome reward,"

thought Vinay. He continued to look for the damsel till it was evening.

Suddenly he saw something glittering on the damp sand. He picked it up and found it to be a bejewelled ring. In order to wash it clean of the sand, he advanced towards the water. But to his utter surprise, the water began parting before him as he advanced.

It was a strange experience. But Vinay was curious to see what happened next. He continued to advance and as though a path opened up before him. He walked on and on. The path was beautiful, studded with



colourful stones. The waves kept on rolling and roaring on both the sides of his passage.

He did not know for how long he had walked. At one stage the water engulfed him. But he did not feel uncomfortable. He moved about under the water as easily as on the ground. There was a wonderful bluish light showing him gardens and castles.

"O princess! He has arrived at last!" was the cry uttered in a chorus. Vinay saw a number of young ladies running in different directions. Soon they returned, a most charming damsel leading them.

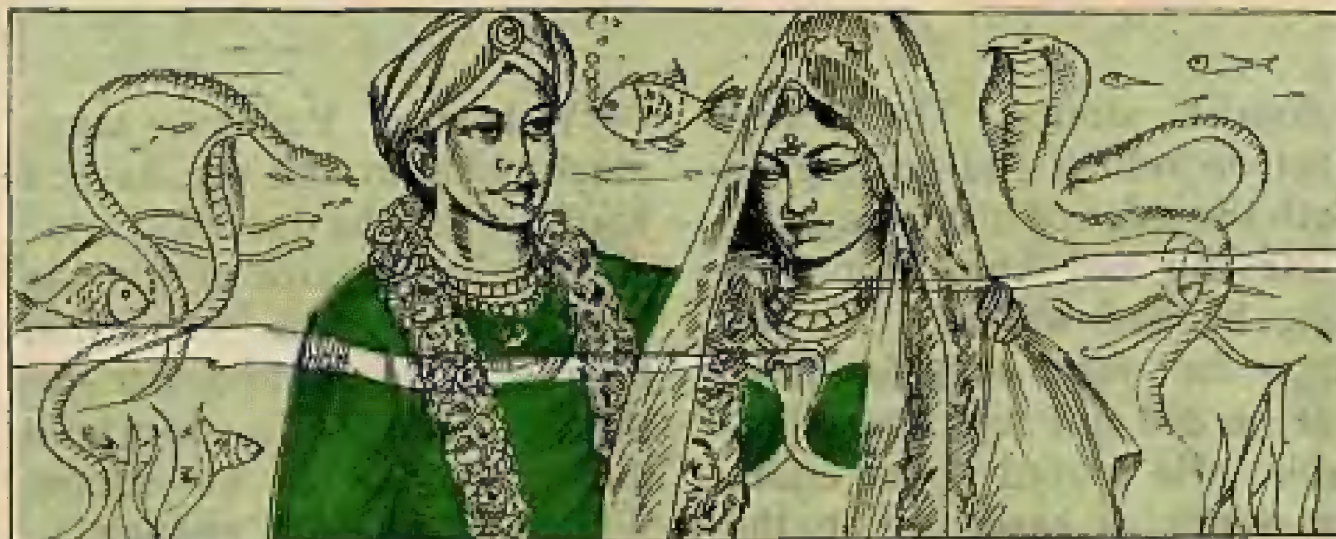
"Welcome. You have taken much pains to find me, haven't you?" asked the damsel.

"It is in the hope of winning a reward from the prince that I was wandering along the seashore. I hope, it is you whom the prince saw in his dream. Will you be good enough to accompany me to the palace?" said Vinay.

"To the palace? Never. In fact, once in a while I go only up to the seashore, not beyond that," said the damsel. Then she acquainted Vinay with all that had happened:

She was the princess of the sea-nymphs. In the previous





evening, while enjoying a stroll along the seashore, she lost her ring. According to their sacred custom she will be obliged to marry any man who got the ring. Her father thought that if the prince was inspired with a vision of hers, the news would spread and people would gather along the seashore. He who was destined to marry her would find the ring. Now, it was

clear that Vinay was the bridegroom destined for her. The idle prince certainly did not deserve her hand.

The orphan Vinay was duly married to the princess of the nymphs. He happily lived in the domain under the water and visited the seashore once in a while in the company of his wife.

Her smile was not meant to be seen by anyone and served its whole purpose in being smiled.

Rainer Maria Rilke

★

★

★

Perhaps the only true dignity of man is his capacity to despise himself.

George Bernard Shaw

★

★

★

The criminal is the product of spiritual starvation. Some one failed miserably to bring him to know God, love Him and serve Him.

Edgar Hoover

CLEVER IN A FORTNIGHT

Amal, the son of a wealthy merchant, overheard people saying behind his back, "What a pity that Amal being so rich should be so stupid!"

"I must do something about it," thought Amal. One day he asked a fisherman whom he considered clever, "Do you know any easy way to grow clever?"

"Of course, I know," said the fisherman reassuringly, "If you eat the head of a big fish everyday, you will grow clever!"

Amal bought the head of a fish from the fisherman everyday paying him a rupee. A fortnight later he visited the market and on return demanded of the fisherman, "A whole fish is available for a rupee. Why do you take from me a rupee for the head alone?"

"See how clever you have grown in the meanwhile!" observed the fisherman.





*New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire*

A CLAIM BY THE TRIBAL PRINCESS

Braving the whistling breeze, the intermittent rain and the eerie laughter of the spirits, King Vikram reached the old tree and climbed it and brought the corpse down again. Then he began crossing the deserted cremation ground. Although the night was awfully dark, flashes of lightning helped him to find his way.

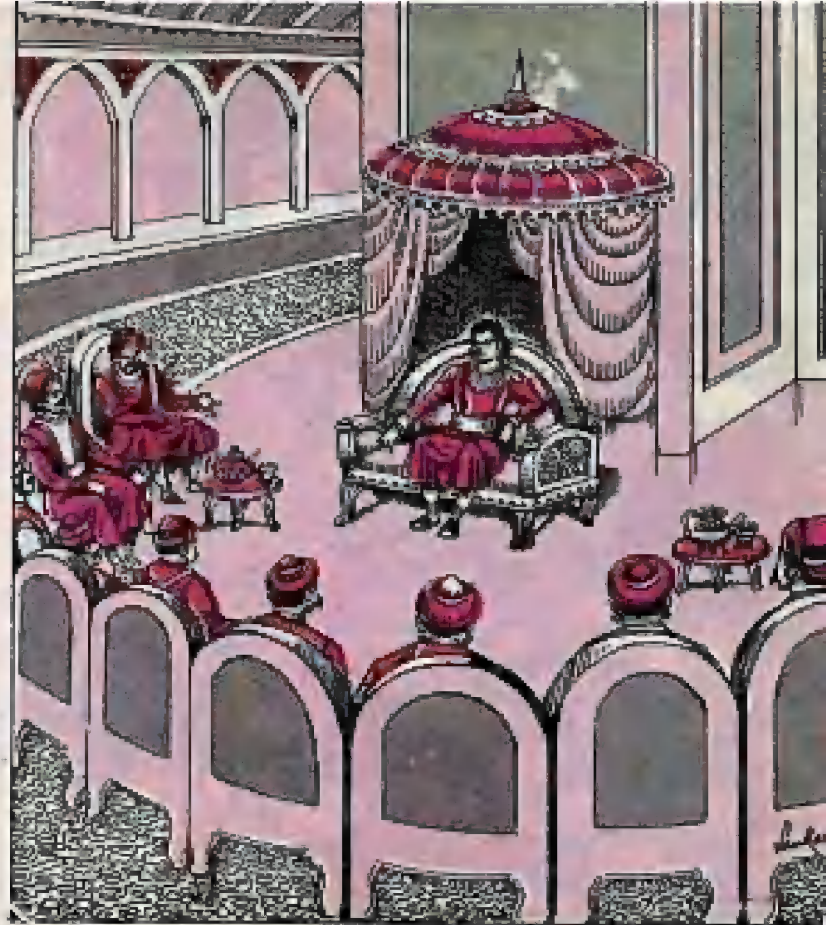
Suddenly observed the vampire which possessed the corpse, "O king! I do not know the benefit that would accrue to you from this difficult labour of yours. It is not unusual to see one's labours going in vain. I can give you the example of King Amar. Be pleased to pay your attention to the story. That should reduce the rigour of your labour."

The vampire went on narrating the story: Prince Amar was a lover of adventure. In the frontiers of his kingdom was

a large forest and in the forest lived a certain tribe. So many stories circulated about the members of this tribe describing them as ferocious people or as experts in magical arts. But nobody knew much about them for hardly anybody ever entered the forest for the fear of them. On the other hand, no member of the tribe ever came out of the forest.

Prince Amar once dared into the forest, alone. To his amazement he found that far from being ferocious the tribals were gentle and courteous. The prince lived among them for a few days during which he fell in love with the daughter of the tribal chief. He proposed to marry her. The chief agreed to his proposal and the marriage was performed in the tribal style. Thereafter the prince returned to his palace with his bride.

But, in the palace, the tribal princess felt like a fish out of water. She was not at all accustomed to the etiquette, the conventions and the ceremonies of the palace. Although there were a number of maids to attend upon her, she rarely spoke to any of them. She missed her forest and the hills



and the open air. However, she was happy as long as the prince was with her.

Prince Amar hoped that by and by his wife will get accustomed to her new environment. He did his best to explain to her the disciplines of the palace life and her duties as the would-be queen. The tribal princess would hear everything with patience, but would not remember to carry out any of the instructions of the prince. She would, however, insist that the prince spend most of his time with her.

The prince obliged her as much as possible. But his spending much time with her



meant his inability to give due attention to his duties as the crown-prince. The ministers complained to him about it. He promised to cut short his daily hours with the tribal princess, but that was not easy.

Once while Amar's father, the king, was away from the capital, secret information reached Amar that a neighbouring king was preparing to attack his kingdom. Amar immediately called an emergency conference of his ministers and generals to devise ways to defend the kingdom. Hours passed while they sat discussing their plans. Suddenly the tribal princess dashed into the chamber and began

dragging the prince away by his arm, complaining, "What are you doing here leaving me all alone?"

The ministers were taken aback. The prince blushed and quietly left with his wife.

But once inside her apartment, the prince took her to task for embarrassing him before his ministers. "All these days I have been trying to teach you how to behave. But you are incorrigible. If you do not mend your ways, I will send you back to your forest," he threatened.

The tribal princess kept looking vacant. It was obvious that she did not understand what was wrong in her behaviour, although she was pained at her husband's rebuke.

But Prince Amar had no time then to mind the mood of his wife. He had to keep busy in alerting his army. As soon as the enemy struck, the prince himself led his army to a valiant defence of his kingdom. The battle continued for only two days ending in a total defeat of the enemy.

Soon thereafter the king fell ill and the prince had to spend all his time in looking after his government. His wife felt more

and more lonely and sad. The prince was full of pity and sympathy for her. But he had no time to keep company with her. He repented for having married a girl from the forest whose life-style was so much different from his!

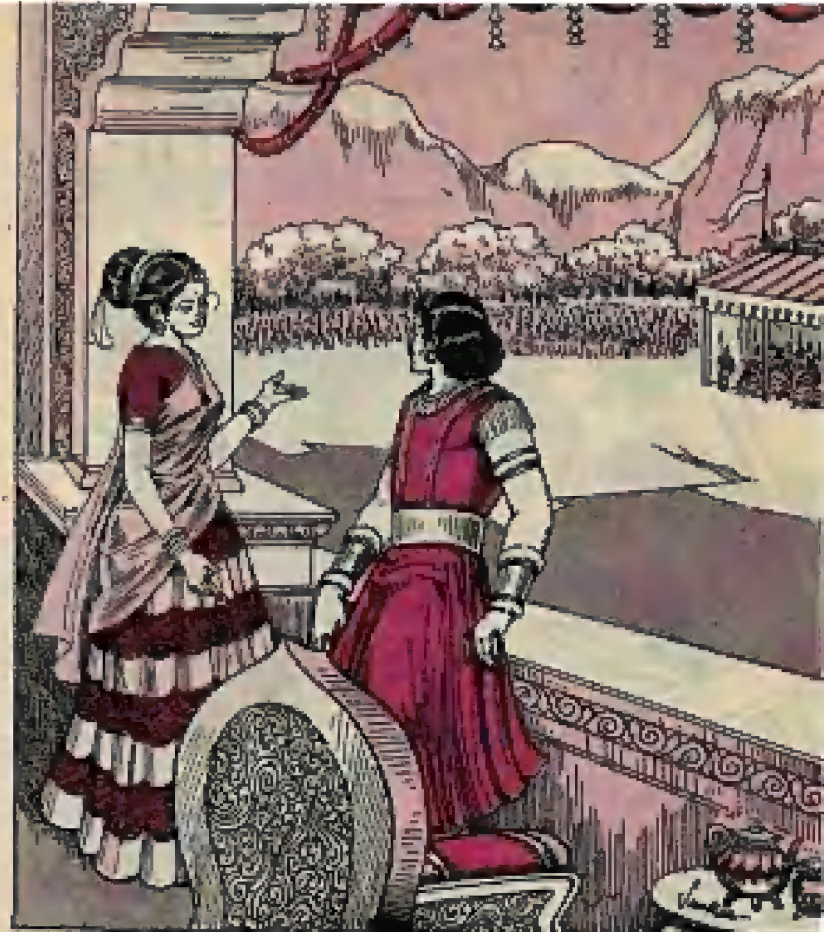
Once a year there took place a festival in front of the palace. Thousands of people turned up for the occasion. The main attraction of the festival was the prince himself. There was a huge stone mace which no other man in the kingdom could even lift up. The prince not only wielded it with ease, but also fought with an elephant with the mace in hand and ultimately killed the elephant.

The prince brought his wife over to the balcony to witness the festival.

"Festivals take place in our forest too. But I had never seen such a large crowd," remarked the tribal princess.

"The large crowd is here to witness a display of my strength," said the prince with pride.

The fight between the prince and the elephant began. As soon as the prince lifted up the huge mace, the crowd applauded him. Then, after a while,



when he succeeded in beating the elephant to death, the crowd cheered him lustily and their deafening applause continued for a long time.

But looking at his wife, the prince saw that she was laughing. The prince was surprised. Upon joining her on the balcony, he asked her why she laughed.

"Why did the people cheer you so much?" she asked in return.

"Did you not see my feat? I wielded a mace which nobody can lift up and killed such a mighty animal with that. Is that not cause enough for the crowd to praise me?" asked the



prince.

"But we have in our forest several people who could have performed such a feat!" commented the tribal princess.

"Are there? Well then, go away at once. Bring with you one of them. I will give away my kingdom to him, if he manages to lift up the mace. But if you fail to bring any such man, then you need not come back yourself," shouted the prince. He had felt terribly hurt by the comment of the princess at a moment when multitudes of people hailed him as the greatest hero.

The prince lost no time in arranging to send the tribe

princess to her father's forest. He repented a few months later and sent for his wife. But she refused to come. The prince concluded that she felt shy because she had not been able to find out a man who could match him in strength and valour.

Fifteen years passed. The prince had, in the meanwhile, become the king. But he continued to show his feat during the annual festival.

Once during the festival, when the king had just killed the elephant, a boy from the crowd said in a challenging tone, "O King! I can do what you have done!"

King Amar looked surprised and annoyed. When he found that the speaker was a mere boy, he said scoffingly, "You need not kill an elephant. If you can just lift up the mace, I will surrender my throne to you!"

The boy stepped forward, lifted up the mace more easily than the king himself could have done, and hurled it a hundred yards away!

King Amar stood stunned. In the meanwhile a woman who wore tribal dress had come out of the crowd. She spoke out "Had I not told you that we had in our forest men who could

easily perform such feats?"

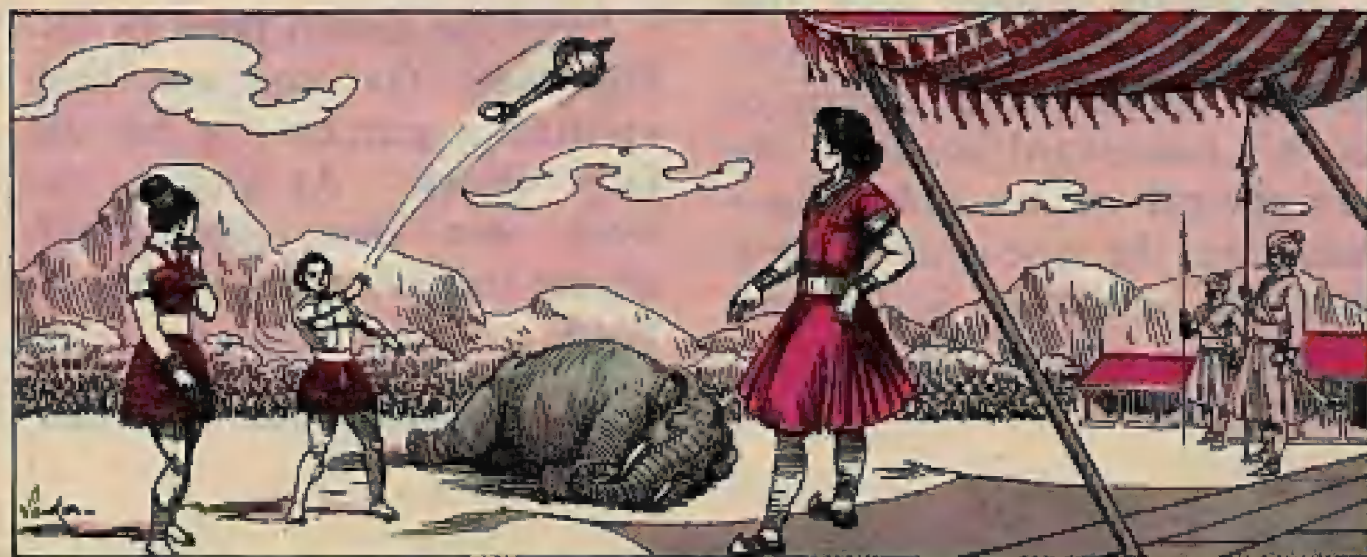
The king recognised the voice. It was his wife's. He knelt down before her and said, "Pardon me my folly, O Queen!" Then he embraced the brave boy who was none other than his own son. He led the queen and the prince to his palace.

The vampire ended the story at this point and asked, "O King! If there were several men in the forest who could do what the king did at the festival, how is it that the tribal princess failed to bring anybody during the long period of fifteen years? Evidently, she had uttered a lie. But, if that was so, what for did King Amar beg her to be pardoned? I warn you, O King, if you know the answer and yet choose to keep mum, your head will be shattered to pieces!"

Answered King Vikram, "The

tribal princess had not spoken any lie. There were indeed several men in her tribe who were as strong as Amar, if not stronger than him. She did not bring anybody with her earlier because she did not want her husband to forfeit his kingdom to a stranger. She was pregnant when she left for the jungle. Now that her son had sufficiently grown up to answer her husband's challenge, she led the boy to the festival. The boy, after all, was to inherit the kingdom in the natural course. Thus she proved herself to be truthful; at the same time her husband was not required to lose his kingdom."

The vampire gave the king the slip as soon as he had finished giving the answer. King Vikram turned back and again advanced towards the tree.





THE WEB OF PENELOPE

The Trojan War was fought for ten long years. (See these pages in the January and February issues of your magazine.) When the war was over, the Greek heroes returned to their lands. But one did not come back immediately. It took another ten years for him to reach home. He was Ulysses, the king of Ithaca.

His return voyage took this long time because he met with several dangers and calamities on his homeward voyage. He lost several of his able lieutenants to the one-eyed Cyclop and the monsters Scylla and Charybdis, himself narrowly escaping them.

At Ithaca, his wife, Penelope, passed her days in great agony. She was beautiful and her land was rich. So, a number of suitors flocked to her. Telling her that Ulysses had died, each one tried to persuade her to marry him. These idle fellows made her life miserable by inviting themselves to stay in her palace.

Penelope eluded them by telling them that she was busy knitting a garment for her old father-in-law. As soon as the work was over, she would choose one of them as her husband.

The suitors would see her

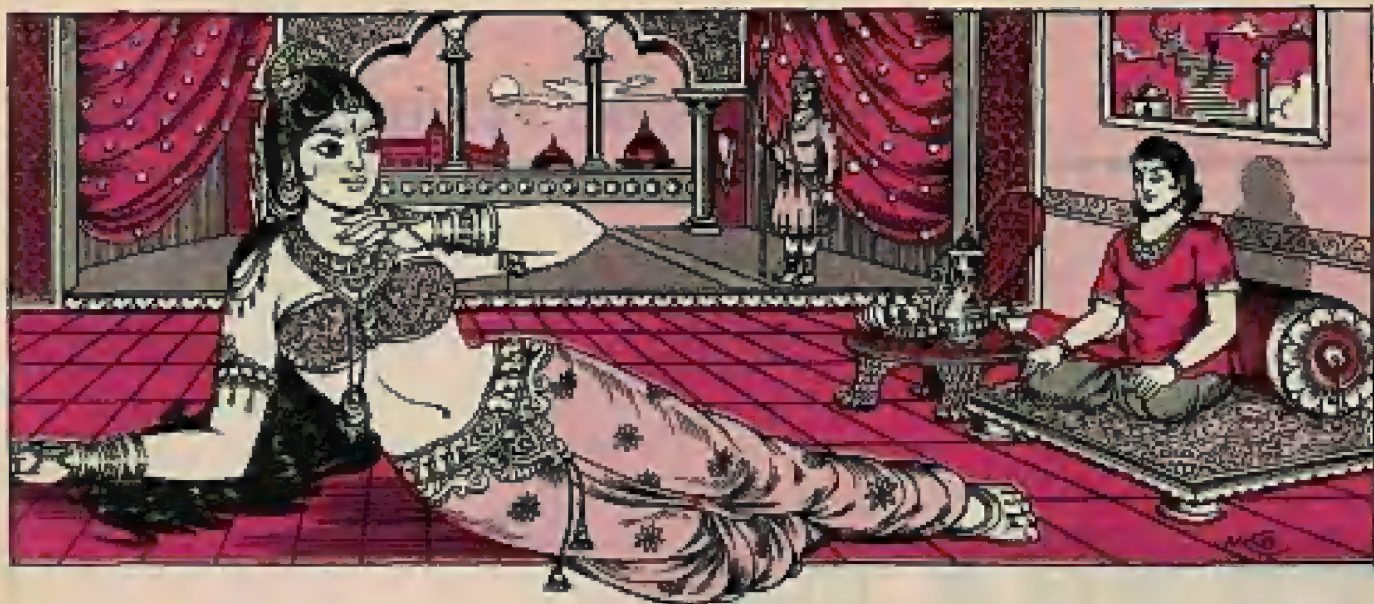
TALES BEHIND PROVERBS AND PHRASES



busy knitting the garment whenever they visited her. They would expect the work to be over any day. But Penelope would secretly undo at night what she did during the day. She would unknit a portion of the web.

Thus, the garment was never complete. None of the suitors got the chance to marry her. At last Ulysses arrived on the scene, unannounced, and carried on a swift massacre of the selfish suitors.

Thus, the Web of Penelope has come to mean a work that was not to end; a work ever in hand, but never finished!



THE SILENT PRINCE

***Magicians uttered mantras
and physicians gave medicines.
But all they got from the
prince was a smile-sometimes
sweet, sometimes sad.***

The king and the queen, after worshipping the gods for years, were blessed with a charming son.

But as the prince grew up, he caused his parents great agony. Not that the prince proved mischievous or dull. He was extremely gentle and his conduct showed that he was wise and intelligent. But he never spoke! This did not mean that he was dumb. When alone, he was heard muttering to himself or singing. But neither the king nor the queen

had seen him doing so. The king did not believe that the prince could speak.

"If someone could make my son utter a few words, that too only once," the king would wistfully say from time to time, "I will heap upon him wealth, honour and what not!"

Scholars and pundits tried to provoke the prince into arguments. Dancers and singers performed their arts before him and tried to get a word of appreciation from him, magicians uttered *mantras* and phy-

sicians gave medicines. But all they got from the prince was a smile—sometimes sweet, sometimes sad.

The king and the queen had been unhappy when they had no son. They were no less unhappy now for having such an excellent son who either could not speak or refused to speak.

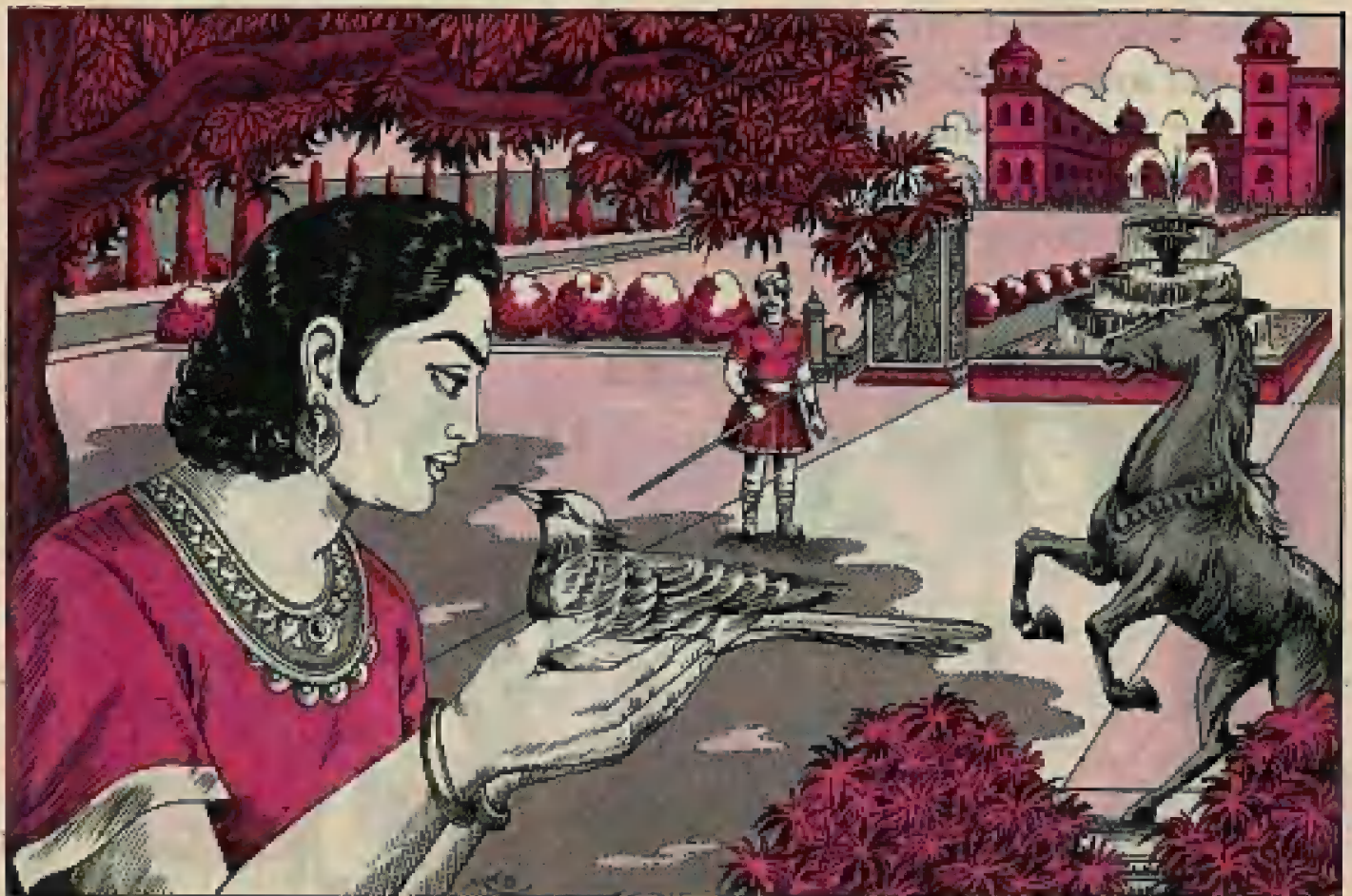
It was a summer noon. The prince sat under a tree in the garden adjoining the palace, his eyes closed in meditation. One of his bodyguards waited upon him.

Suddenly a bird alighted on a nearby tree and began chirping with full vigour. The body-

guard grew annoyed with it. In order to stop the bird from disturbing the prince's meditation, he hurled a stone at it.

Hit by the stone the bird fell down and gave out painful shrieks. The prince opened his eyes and saw the bird. He rushed to it and fondled it with love, and murmured, "Sweet little bird! Why did you invite this danger by your chattering?"

"The prince has spoken, the prince has spoken!" shouted the bodyguard with great excitement as he ran into the palace. The king and the queen woke up from their nap and were amazed at the announcement



made by the bodyguard.

"Where is the prince?" asked the king.

"In the garden, my lord, talking to a bird!" replied the bodyguard.

The king and the queen ran into the garden, followed by so many. But by the time they arrived at the tree the bird had recovered from its shock by the prince's loving touch and had flown away. The prince had fallen into silence again.

Seeing the prince as quiet as ever, the king burst into a flare of temper against the bodyguard.

"You liar!" he shouted, "You must be hanged!"

The bodyguard broke into a whimper and pleaded innocence. But the king would not yield. At his bidding his servants took hold of the bodyguard in order

to lead him to the execution ground.

The bodyguard took a desperate step. He fell at the prince's feet and prayed to him, "O noble prince, do speak only once to prove that I had not spoken a lie. Thereby you can save me from death."

The prince looked at the weeping bodyguard with deep compassion in his eyes and said, "Poor man! Why did you invite this danger by your chattering?"

That was the first time the king and the queen heard the prince speak. Great was their joy. The bodyguard was suitably rewarded. But that was also the last time they heard the prince speak, for he left the palace soon, taking to the life of a mendicant. Nothing could stop him.





THE MISSING COINS

Manipal, the king of Giripur, was a wise and intelligent ruler. According to an old custom prevailing in his dynasty, every morning he offered a gold coin to the family deity, goddess Maniprabha, and worshipped her. The coin was then handed over to an officer named Bhadrasil who kept it in a box in the presence of the king and the others. Then Bhadrasil locked the box. Of the pair of keys, one was kept by Bhadrasil himself while the other one remained with the king.

The coins thus collected were distributed once every year, during a certain festival. Scholars and poets of the kingdom were the recipients.

One day, while the king sat in his durbar, Bhadrasil appeared before him with a gloomy face and said, "My lord! Unlucky that I am, I must report something most unpleasant to you. From time to time I count the gold coins deposited in the box inside the temple. Upon counting them today I found that twenty coins are missing!"

"Is that so?" asked the king in surprise.

"It is so, my lord, although I fail to understand how this could have happened. There are only two keys to the box. One is with you and I am the keeper of the duplicate one. You have every reason to suspect me of having stolen the coins. Well,

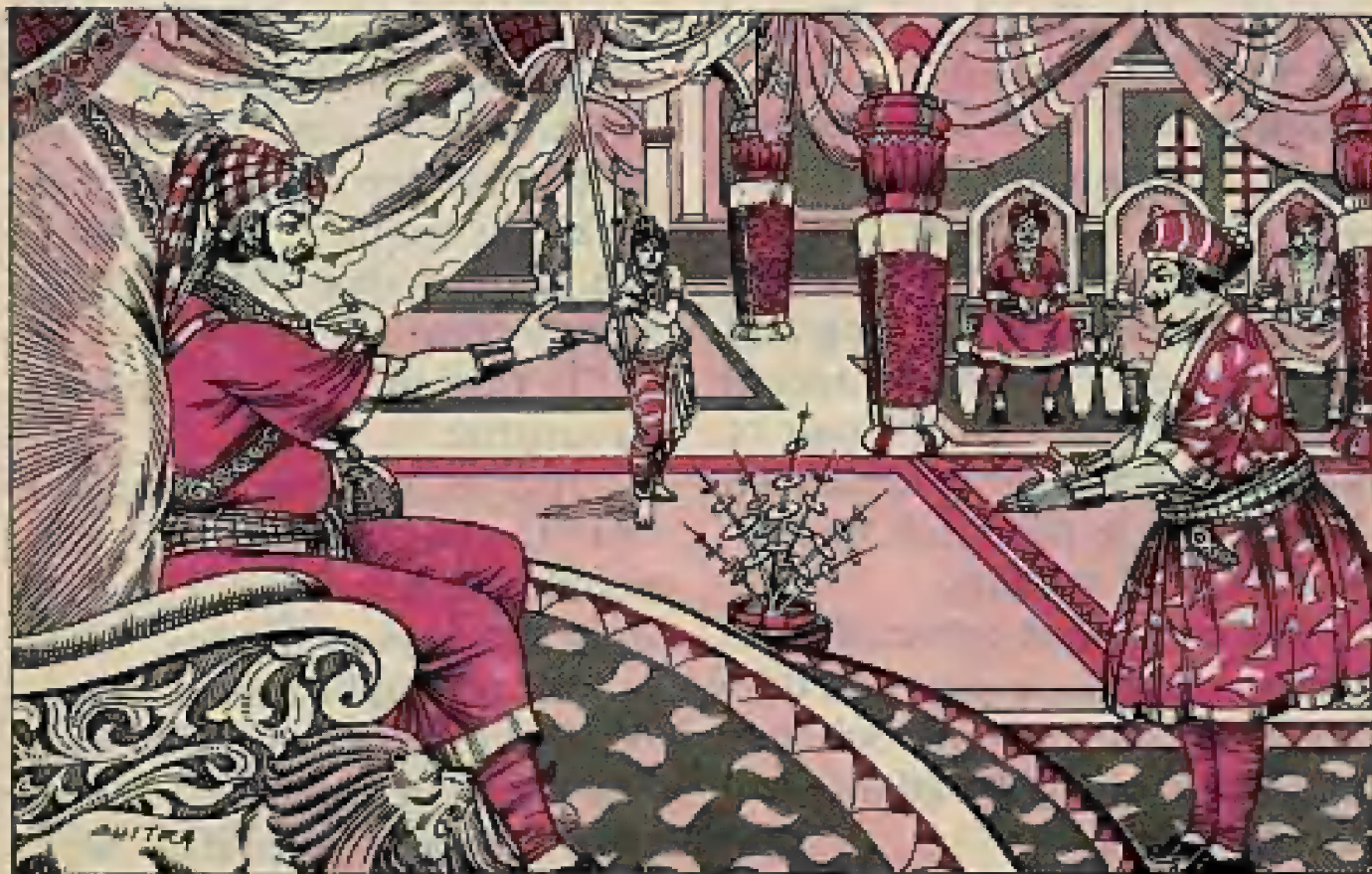
my lord, I am prepared for any punishment. But allow me to surrender the key so that I may not be called to answer if coins are found missing again!"

The king thought for a moment. Bhadrasil was an officer who had served him for twenty years and was never known to have stolen anything. If he was allowed to surrender the key, the courtiers will get the impression that the king had lost faith in him. That would be humiliating for an honest officer.

"Do not be upset, Bhadrasil, please continue to keep the key and do your duty. However, I will take over the key from you

if there was a theft again. We both are equally responsible for the box. It should be our duty to remain alert and try to catch the thief. To keep the necessary vigil on the box I give you permission to visit the temple at any time of the day or night," said the king.

Days passed. There was no more stealing from the box. Then came the day of the festival. Scholars and poets who were to be rewarded with the coins gathered in the temple precinct. The king offered a gold coin to the deity as usual and then, instead of handing it over to Bhadrasil, he opened



the box himself and counted the coins. He found thirty more coins missing!

Bhadrasil who stood nearby was on the verge of weeping when he heard of the theft. But the king fixed his gaze on him and said, "Bhadrasil! I had said that I will take charge of your key if there is a theft for the second time. You may now hand over the key to me."

Bhadrasil placed the key on the king's palm. When he did so the king brought his nose close to his hand. The next moment the king blurted out sternly, "Bhadrasil, it would not do if you surrender only the key. You

must surrender all the fifty gold coins too!"

Bhadrasil stood speechless and trembling. The courtiers looked surprised. The king asked his minister to smell everybody's hands including his and Bhadrasil's. The minister did so. All stood quiet and tense. At last the minister said, "My lord! I can smell a very special kind of fragrance in your hand and Bhadrasil's hand."

"Indeed, that was a very special kind of scent presented to me by the King of Kashmir. You see, since the first instance of theft, I used to count the coins every evening. Last eve-





ning also I had counted them. The amount was as it should be. But I had expected the thief to steal from the box at night because this would be his last chance before sufficient coins collected again. I had sprinkled the scent on the coins. When

Bhadrasil gave me his key, I lowered my head and smelled his hand. As I anticipated, his hand smelled the peculiar scent," explained the king.

Bhadrasil was obliged to return the fifty coins. The king ordered him to leave the land.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



A BROTHER'S SHARE

The King of Dharampur used to announce in the annual conference of his subjects, "I am doing my best to serve you and to improve your lot. It is because I look upon you as my brothers!"

One day one of his subjects stepped forward and said, "My lord! I challenge you to prove that you are not showing false modesty. If you truly consider me as your brother, kindly give me a brother's share of your wealth."

"Why not!" said the king. He immediately summoned his treasurer and said, "Find out how much money is there in the treasury and how much a citizen will get if the amount is equally distributed among all."

After a while the treasurer reported, "Each one will get a paisa, my lord!"

"Immediately hand over a paisa to this brother of mine!" ordered the king.





A CLEVER SCHEME

The husband was Gopu and the wife was Sushila. They had a daughter of marriageable age. For a year past Sushila was prompting her husband to arrange for their daughter's marriage. But Gopu answered, "Where is the money for it?"

"Why don't you earn enough?" Sushila would ask. Gopu had no answer to it, for he was too lazy to try to earn more than what came from his property without the least effort.

"If you are not willing to work a little more, at least be a little clever and earn some money!" Sushila told Gopu one day.

"How?" asked Gopu.

"How, how and how! I have

never seen a more worthless fellow than yourself." retorted Sushila.

"All right. I will be clever. Now, you are no more a young bride. Why must you wear all these gaudy ornaments? Let us sell them and we will have enough money to perform our daughter's marriage!" proposed Gopu.

Sushila gave a start. She was certainly not prepared to do away with her ornaments. But the mention of the ornaments instantly brought another idea to her mind. Their neighbour, Ramabai, wore a variety of glittering gold ornaments. She was rather a dull-headed woman and it should not be difficult to

swindle her of her gold, thought Sushila. She worked out a scheme and acquainted Gopu with it. Gopu agreed to do as desired by Sushila.

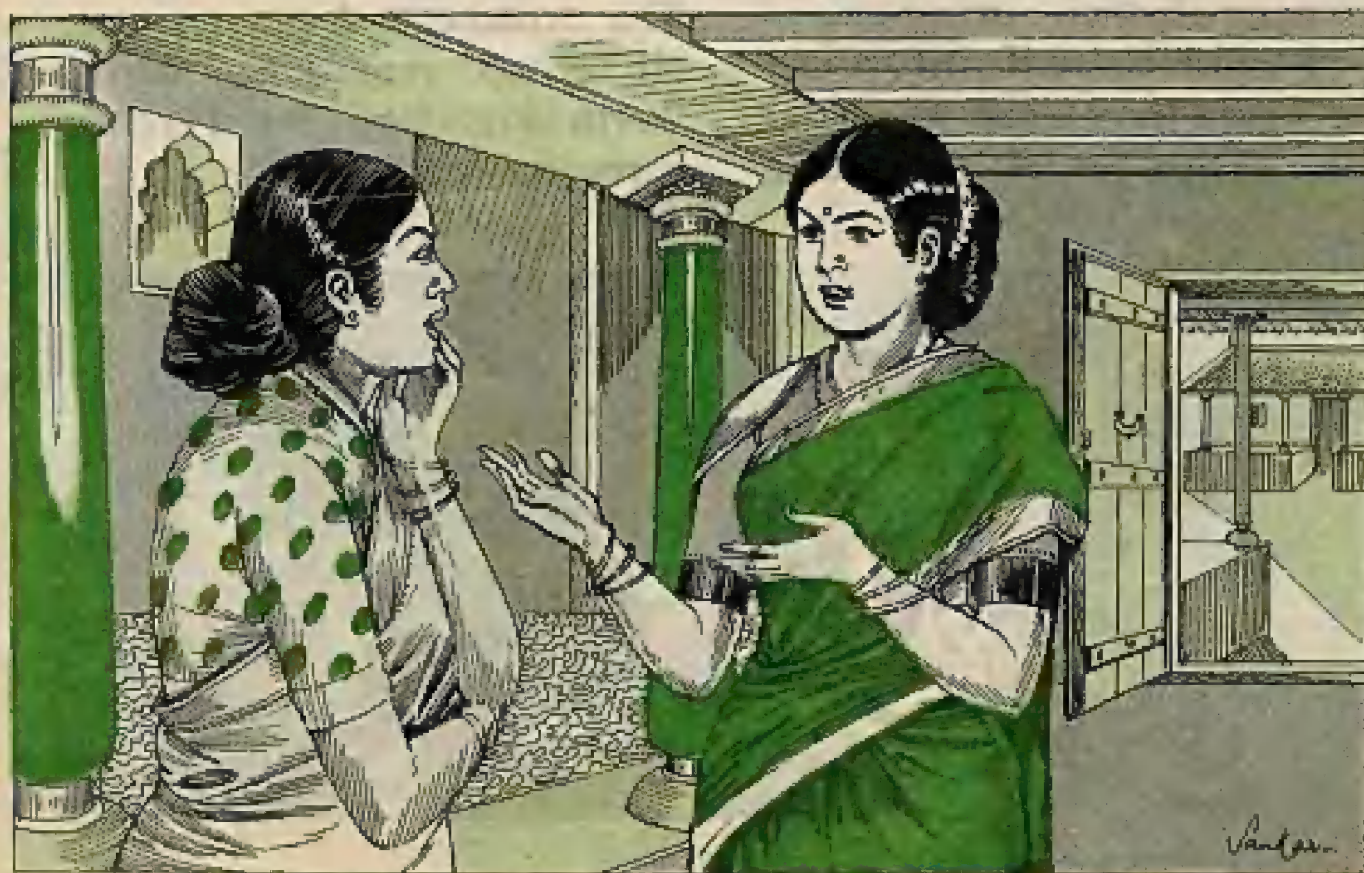
Both felt very happy at the prospect of bagging Ramabai's ornaments. Gopu was full of praise for his wife and Sushila felt quite proud of his intelligence.

Their daughter had gone to her maternal uncle's house. As schemed, Sushila met Ramabai in the evening and said, "Sister! My husband has gone to the town. He is not coming back tonight. And, as you know, my daughter is at my brother's

house. How can I sleep all alone? Will you mind coming and sleeping in my house for tonight?"

"Why not, sister! I will be there before it is time for you to go to bed," Ramabai assured Sushila.

Soon after nightfall Sushila packed her husband off to the cowshed, behind their house. He was to wait there for a few hours. At midnight, putting a dark veil over his face and brandishing a dagger, he was to invade the house and relieve both the women of their ornaments. That is the scheme Sushila had framed.



"Sound as harsh as you can. And do not go satisfied only with Ramabai's ornaments. Demand mine too. Otherwise you may arouse suspicion in her mind," Sushila warned her husband. Gopu smiled and assured Sushila that he will act out his role perfectly.

Ramabai duly reported at Sushila's house after a while. She was warmly received with presents of betels. Both women sat face to face with their legs stretched and talked for a long time.

"It is past midnight. Let us sleep," said Ramabai.

As expected by Sushila, a veiled figure broke in and at dagger's point relieved the two women of their ornaments.

"I will kill you if you shout," the figure threatened in a harsh voice. Then he left as fast as

he had appeared.

Ramabai and Sushila did not sleep for the rest of the night. Ramabai left the house at dawn to inform the villagers of the incident. Sushila rushed into the cowshed and gave a shake to her husband who lay under a blanket. Gopu opened his eyes and asked in a whisper, "Is it already midnight? Should I now go in with my dagger?"

The bewildered Sushila soon understood that Gopu had lain asleep all the night. She wailed realising that she and Ramabai had lost their ornaments to a real bandit.

A little later Ramabai met Sushila and said, "Sister! Do not worry on account of me. The ornaments I put on were all cheap imitations, hardly worth anything. But I am so sorry for your loss!"





THE DUTIFUL SON!

It was Gangaram's profession to arrange marriages between eligible bridegrooms and brides. When a negotiation successfully culminated in a marriage, he received handsome rewards from both the parties.

But only a few people knew that Gangaram was an expert not only in arranging marriages, but also in breaking proposed marriages.

One day Janakidas, a well-to-do farmer of the village, met Gangaram and requested him to find a bridegroom for his daughter, Kalpana. Gangaram knew it very well that Kalpana was beautiful and educated. He said, "For a bride of rare virtues like Kalpana, I think I should

fix up Sudhir, a son of the wealthy Chowdhuries who have recently settled down in the next village."

"That will be excellent," said Janakidas, "Please do the needful and I will never forget your kindness."

Gangaram visited the Chowdhuries the same day and broached the proposal. The Chowdhuries came and saw Kalpana and gladly agreed to the proposal. The date of marriage was fixed and the sacred betrothal ceremony was performed.

But one night the Chowdhuries summoned Gangaram and said, "We have some relatives in the town. They insist that we marry our son to a certain girl,

His wife broke down. Gangaram gave them false hopes of finding another bridegroom for Kalpana, and left.

But days passed and Gangaram did nothing to fulfil his promise to Janakidas. Since Kalpana's proposed marriage in the Chowdhury family broke up, people of the village became curious and the text of those false letters became the subject of gossip.

In the meanwhile several proposals came for Gangaram's own son Rajendra's marriage. Rajendra had graduated from a college in the town and was known to be a young man of many qualities. Among the proposals was one from the Roys who were the landlords of the locality. The Roys came to Gangaram's house with their astrologer. The astrologer ex-

amined Rajendra's horoscope for a long time and then nodded and said to Roy, "This young man is not expected to live long. Hence I cannot approve of the proposal."

The Roys got up immediately. Gangaram looked pale. He was hopeful of receiving a lot of things as dowry from the Roys. He now stood frustrated!

He detained the astrologer under some plea for a few minutes. But as soon as the Roys had been out of sight, he caught hold of the astrologer and demanded, "Why did you speak such a lie? I will not leave you before giving you a thorough thrashing!"

The astrologer looked panicky. He stammered out, "Believe me, Gangaram, it is your son, Rajendra, who made me say so. He gave me some money



for this and I being poor was obliged to do as he wished."

Gangaram let the astrologer go. But he failed to understand why should his son do such a thing. It was, however, not necessary for him to feel surprised for long. A little later his son, followed by a veiled girl, appeared before him and said, "Pardon me, father, I've

married without your knowledge. Here is an innocent girl whose reputation had been murdered by you. I thought, the least I can do to atone for your mischief was to marry her, without any dowry, for your information! I've done the duty of a true son, haven't I?"

Kalpana and Rajendra bowed down and touched Gangaram's feet!

THE SELF-MADE MAN

The little Ramu was looking forward with great excitement to the arrival of his father's guest. At last the guest arrived – a fat man with a fatter belly. As he came out of his car and hobbled towards the drawing room Ramu looked quite disappointed. Nevertheless he kept on surveying the stranger from different angles.

After an hour when Ramu's parents left the guest for a while, Ramu walked up to him and whispered, "I have heard daddy and mummy saying that you are a self-made man!"

The guest, feeling flattered, agreed, "I am, indeed!"

"But I am not. Mummy made me!" Ramu sighed.

"Well..."

And coming closer, Ramu said again with both curiosity and sympathy in his voice, "But if you made yourself, why didn't you do it in a sensible way?"





VEER HANUMAN

As planned by Rama, all the gateways of the fortification of Lanka were besieged from outside. Sugriva kept an army ready between the western and the northern gates and remained alert.

The Vanaras were equipped with huge boulders and rocks and trees. Their incessant chattering was heard from all directions around Mount Trikuta.

Rama, in consultation with Vibhisana, decided to send Angada as his emissary to Ravana. Angada was to tell Ravana:

“O Ravana! Brahma’s boons have no doubt made you extremely arrogant. But the time has come when your arro-

gance will be quashed. You have kidnapped Sita. You must partly atone for your wickedness with your life. I challenge you to give me a proof of your valour by the strength of which you kidnapped Sita. However, I give you this last chance to surrender yourself to me. Otherwise my arrows will destroy all your soldiers. The throne of Lanka will pass on to Vibhisana. Even if you try to escape me in the guise of a bird there is no hope for you. You can, in the meanwhile, have a last glimpse at Lanka, the city so dear to you. You may also arrange to perform your own funeral rites, since death is lurking at your



doors."

Angada took a great leap and arrived at Ravana's court. Ravana was then busy conferring with his ministers.

Angada introduced himself and delivered Rama's message to the demon-king. Ravana was so much furious that he ordered his guards to capture Angada forthwith. Four demons rushed at Angada. But Angada took two of them under each arm and hopped up to the top of the palace tower. Then he dropped the four demons while Ravana looked on and took another leap to reach Rama's camp.

Ravana felt humiliated at

Angada's conduct. For a while he felt his courage failing him. He looked around nervously and breathed fast.

The Vanaras would brook no delay. They flexed their muscles and were ever eager to try them against the demons. At Sugriva's instruction the gigantic Susena, followed by a group of lieutenants, continued to march around the fort. From inside the fort could be heard the war-cries of the demons.

Ravana was being continuously informed of all the developments. He climbed to the top of the fort and surveyed the situation. The Vanaras had spread all over Mount Trikut. He had not imagined that Rama had brought so many Vanaras with him. He was amazed.

Coming closer to the fortification, Rama suddenly felt angry at the thought that somewhere beyond the walls Sita remained a prisoner. He signalled his army to begin their assault.

Instantly the Vanaras started acting. Some of them tried to crash through the gates while some climbed up the walls and threw stones and trees at the demons.

Vibhisana and his ministers stood near Rama. Gaja, Gabaya, Gabaksha, Sharava and Gandhamadan supervised the action of the army.

As soon as the Vanaras began attacking, Ravana ordered his demon-army to begin their counter-attack. The demons advanced to face the Vanaras with the sound of bugles and drums and violent shouts. The vanaras answered them with even more roaring shouts.

The battle began. The demons had for their weapons maces, spikes and axes. The Vanaras pounced upon them with rocks and trees. Sometimes, when a demon lost his weapon, the Vanaras bit him or tore him with their sharp nails. The demons attacked the Vanaras from the high wall. But the Vanaras would not allow them to continue in such a favourable position. They started uprooting portions of the walls.

Soon several Vanaras were seen locked in wrestle with the demons. Angada wrestled with Meghnad, Sampati with Prajangha, Hanuman with Jamvumali, Gaja with Tapas, Neel with Nikumbha, Sugriva with Pradhas, Lakshmana with Viru-



paksha, and so on and so forth. Mount Trikut seemed to shiver with the impact of the cries and counter-cries and the sound of the weapons.

Angada soon destroyed the horses, the chariot and the charioteer of Meghnad. Sampati succeeded in killing Prajangha. Jamvumali narrowly escaped death in the hands of Hanuman. The demon Pratapas lost his eyes while fighting with Nala. Pradhas was killed by Sugriva.

Four clever demons shot their arrows together at Rama. Instantly Rama's arrow beheaded the four. A well-known demon, Vajramusthi, lay uncon-



scious with a few blows from Maind. Vidyunmali died in the hands of Sushena. Numerous other demons lost their lives wrestling with the Vanaras.

The sun went down and dusk began to prevail. Yet the battle continued. The demons ate up several Vanaras in the darkness. The Vanaras were able to recognise and attack the demons as the latter's ornaments and teeth dazzled in the darkness. Rama and Lakshmana continued to shoot their arrows at the enemy.

After Meghnad lost his chariot, he took recourse to sorcery. He turned invisible and applied an exclusive supernatural power, known as

Nagastro, on Rama and Lakshmana, whereby the brothers lay undone under a shower of arrows. He then shouted, "Even Indra cannot harm me if I fight invisibly. Do not dream of surviving my attack. Know that the battle is over and your side is defeated."

Rama and Lakshmana lay on the ground, profusely bleeding. Their sights were blurred. They could not know what was going on. Meghnad continued to shoot his arrows at them even then. Lakshmana once opened his eyes and saw Rama's condition and turned pale. The Vanaras ran here and there in a bid to trace Meghnad. But the invisible demon prince evaded them. Hanuman and other heroes stood encircling Rama and Lakshmana and wept.

Meghnad told the demons, "Did you see my achievement? Rama and Lakshmana, bound by my arrows, are dying. Nobody can free them or save them. Now, be happy, my demons brethren!"

After this Meghnad continued to harass the Vanaras with his arrows with redoubled vigour. The demons hailed Meghnad's brave achievements. Meghnad formed the impression that

Rama and Lakshmana were dead. He entered the fort with the pride of triumph.

Looking at Rama and Lakshmana Sugriva felt extremely depressed and shed tears. But Vibhisana consoled him, saying, "Fear not, Sugriva, do not lose heart. Such temporary setbacks are inevitable in any battle. Be assured that Rama and Lakshmana have only swooned away. They will regain consciousness before long." Vibhisana then wiped off Sugriva's tears. Sugriva found much relief in Vibhisana's words and gave his attention to organise the army again.

Meghnad appeared before Ravana and announced, "Father! I have killed both Rama and Lakshmana!"

Ravana was thrilled. He stood up and embraced his son and asked for a report in detail. Meghnad narrated the episode to Ravana's great joy.

After Meghnad left him, Ravana summoned the demonesses who guarded Sita. When they came, he told them gleefully, "Go and inform Sita that both Rama and Lakshmana are killed. You can take her in my flying chariot, *Pushpak*, and show her the deadbodies of the

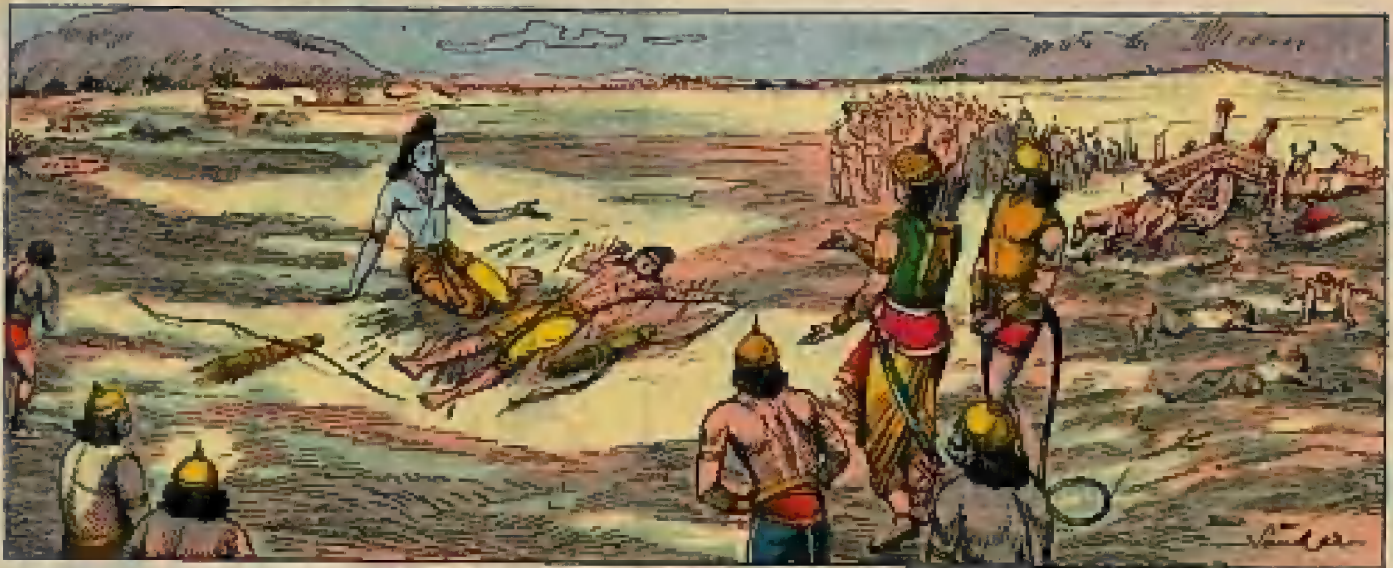


two lying on the battle-ground. Then persuade her to marry me. But first let her feel convinced that she had no other go."

The demonesses flew Sita to the battle-ground. She saw Rama and Lakshmana lying still and the Vanaras surrounding them looking awfully sad.

The news that Meghnad had killed Rama and Lakshmana was announced with the beating of drums throughout Lanka. Ravana even ordered to celebrate the occasion with festivities.

While returning to her shelter Sita saw the joyful demons preparing for the celebration. Her sorrow knew no bound.



She recollected how astrologers had prophesied that she would become the mother of brave boys and how her husband would become a celebrated monarch. She wondered how such prophesies turned false.

But Trijata whispered to Sita, "My dear sister, take it from me that Rama and Lakshmana are not dead. They have only become unconscious."

Trijata's words proved true. Rama was the first to regain

consciousness. But when he looked at Lakshmana, he could not check his sorrow. He said, "I cannot think of surviving the shock of Lakshmana's death. I am sorry that I could not fulfil my promise to Vibhisana that I will crown him the king of Lanka. In this circumstance Sugriva should return to Kiskindhya with the Vanara army."

The Vanaras kept quiet, too sad to say anything. Contd.

HUMBLE BEGINNINGS

Two friends met after a long time. Both had prospered in business. The first one said, "I started my career without a paisa in my pocket!"

Said the second, "And I started even without a pocket!"

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Time has no divisions to mark its passage, there is never a thunder-storm or blare of trumpets to announce the beginning of a new month or year. Even when a new century begins it is only we mortals who ring bells and fire off pistols.

Thomas Mann



Many Lives of the Sculptor

Hundreds of years ago there lived a sculptor in a certain village in China. He was loved and admired by the people of his district for his artistic talent.

One day he was summoned by the landlord who desired to have a bust of his father made by him. The sculptor undertook the contract and stayed in the landlord's house for several weeks.

While staying there he saw how luxuriously the landlord lived and how lavishly he spent. "Only if I could become as rich as the landlord!" said the sculptor to himself and sighed.

Now, it so happened that a certain goddess was much pleased with the sculptor. She instantly fulfilled his desire. He was a rich man!

He did not pay much attention to his work any more now

that he had no want of anything. He passed his days happily. One day the governor of the province was passing through the village. Whoever saw him greeted him. But proud of his wealth, the sculptor showed as if he did not care for him! The governor grew furious. At a hint from him his bodyguards gave a good beating to the sculptor.

"It is not enough to be rich. One must have power too," thought the sculptor. By the blessings of the goddess he was soon made the governor of a province. He was satisfied.

One afternoon he paid a visit to a lake at the foot of a mountain. There he saw a beautiful young lady. She was the daughter of the chief of the hill-tribe. He wanted her to accompany him to his palace

where he would marry her. But she did not agree. Proud of his power, the sculptor tried to take her by force. Immediately her father and other members of the tribe rushed upon him and his guards and wounded them and drove them away. "My God! They don't recognise even a governor! It is better to be a hillman than a governor!" thought the sculptor. The goddess changed him into a hillman.

He lived in a hut near the lake. One day, while looking at the sun and feeling amazed at the sun's might, he saw a puff of cloud hiding the sun.

"How powerful indeed is the cloud!" he thought, "Only if I could be changed into that!" The goddess changed him into a puff of cloud. But he had been in the sky for a minute when a gust of wind began

tearing him into pieces. "I see, one would not know what is power unless one was wind itself!" And he was changed into wind. As wind he tried his best to topple a rock, but failed. He realised that the rock was stronger than wind. He desired to become a rock and his desire was fulfilled.

After a few days a group of sculptors visited that region and uprooted him with a few other stones in order to curve figures out of them. Then he thought, "A sculptor seems to be even stronger than a rock!"

And the goddess changed him into his old self of a sculptor again and said, "My son, remain a sculptor and try to progress in your work. That will give you the true satisfaction."

The sculptor did as advised by the goddess and was happy—in fact happier than ever.





DO-NOTHING FELLOWS

King Bhadrasen of Chandragiri had strange whims and desires from time to time. Once he told his minister, "Let us go and find out how many do-nothing fellows are there in our kingdom." Soon the king was on the streets, accompanied by his minister, donning disguises of course, in search of his idle subjects.

People in the nearest village told them that in their knowledge it was a man named Gokarna who passed his time most idly. He had earned enough property and his interest were now managed by his sons. He had hardly anything to do.

When the king and his minis-

ter reached Gokarna's house, the latter sat on his veranda, counting grains. Amazed, the king asked, "What are you doing?"

Gokarna did not answer immediately. He wrote down a certain number on the ground and then looked at the visitors and said rather proudly, "Don't you see what I am doing? Well, I am counting the grains. I wish to ascertain how many grains go to make a kilogram and if the same number of grains will always make the same measure of weight."

King Bhadrasen laughed and said, "I am afraid, you have nothing worth doing and that is why you are wasting your time



in a useless work."

"What!" shouted the agitated Gokarna, "If I am wasting time what about Ranganath of Rajgiri? Is there a greater doing nothing fellow than him in the whole kingdom?"

The king, curious to meet Ranganath, at once set out for Rajgiri, followed by his minister. On arriving there they were given to understand that although Ranganath was an able-bodied man, his sons would not allow him to work. "But where is he?" the king asked the villagers. "I saw him near a pond outside the village," said a villager pointing his finger in

a certain direction. The king and the minister proceeded in that direction and soon found out the man. He was busy transferring water from the pond to a nearby ditch, using a ladle.

"Hellow, Ranganath, what are you doing?" asked the king.

"I am doing what nobody has so far done. I will soon find out how long it takes to empty the pond of all its water by the help of this ladle," answered Ranganath with enthusiasm.

"But in what way can your finding be helpful to anybody?" queried the king.

"Suppose there is a drought. We can then calculate how long this water will last if we allow each villager, say, ten ladlefuls of water a day!" answered Ranganath.

The king observed scoffingly, "Someday in future there may or may not be a drought. Even if a drought is there it is doubtful if your finding will really serve any purpose then. But, in the meanwhile, must you empty the pond to satisfy your idle curiosity?"

"I am not emptying the pond!" growled the man and added, "Don't you see that I

am preserving the water in this ditch? And how do you say that this is an idle curiosity? How dare you call me idle? If I am idle what about Shyam of Udaygiri?"

The king and his minister immediately proceed to Udaygiri. Shyam was young and healthy. He was busy cutting stones from a hill when the king and the minister met him.

"What is the matter with you? What are you doing?" asked the king.

"You are the only man who has taken some interest in my work. I am changing the position of the hill. Is it good for anything to remain rooted to a spot forever? Stone by stone I will carry the whole hill onto the meadow. Later we may bring it back to its old place!"

said Shyam.

"Shyam! I have met several do-nothing fellows. But you surpass all!" remarked the king.

"You call me a do-nothing fellow, do you? Then what would you call the king of this land? A king should have so many important things to do. But, I hear that our king is wandering from village to village making a list of idle and do-nothing fellows! Of course, you won't know when he meets you, for, he wanders in disguise. But nothing remains secret, you know!" said Shyam.

The king returned to his palace. He summoned Gokarna, Gangaram and Shyam and gave them useful works to do. Thenceforth he never indulged in idle curiosity himself.





THE MAHARAJA'S VICTORY!

Maharaja Somashekhar ruled over a vast area, several subordinate rajas governing their small states under him. The Maharaja was a great administrator. From time to time he paid sudden visits to the capitals of the small states under him. If a subordinate raja was found unfit or was found to be misusing his authority, the Maharaja removed him from his position and put there any nobleman whom he had tried and found to be worthy.

The Maharaja once paid a visit to Bodhpur. The raja of Bodhpur, Chandrachur, was not an efficient ruler, but he was lucky in his minister, Sumant. Bodhpur was not in an

ideal shape when the Maharaja arrived there. But Sumant received the Maharaja and his entourage with such a show of warmth that the royal guest was quite pleased. Sumant hoped that the Maharaja will close his eyes to the lapses in Raja Chandrachur's administration. And Sumant was not mistaken in his hope.

But it was Raja Chandrachur who, with his blunder, spoiled the Maharaja's mood. At night the Maharaja and the raja sat down for a game of chess. Diplomacy demanded that the raja should deliberately accept defeat in the hands of the Maharaja. But the unintelligent Chandrachur defeated his great

guest!

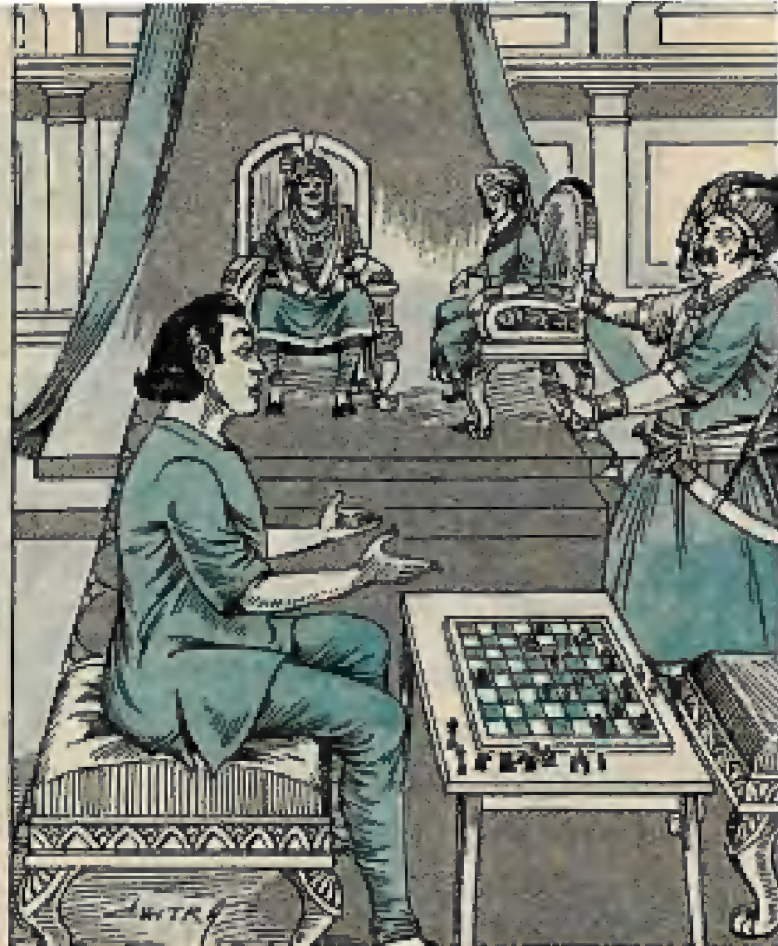
Sumant was upset. And he did not fail to notice that the Maharaja, after his defeat, was no more in his old jolly spirit. Sumant was afraid that the Maharaja might discover some fault or the other in Chandrachur's rule and dethrone him!

Next day, in the morning, the Maharaja sat occupying the throne in Chandrachur's court. Chandrachur sat by his side and introduced his chief officers to the Maharaja. The Maharaja questioned the officers on various problems of the state and the officers replied with due humility.

Suddenly a young man made his appearance in the court and looking at the Maharaja and the raja, said, "I am a chess-player from Vidarbha. I have toured numerous kingdoms, challenging the best chess-players. So far no one has been able to defeat me. I wonder if this kingdom has some worthy players to match me in skill!"

The Maharaja asked Chandrachur if he had any good chess-player in his court.

The raja directed a couple of his courtiers whom he considered skilled in the game to play with the stranger. But the cour-



tiers were soon defeated.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the stranger and asked proudly, "Is there no better player here?"

"Our raja is an expert player," said Sumant, "Have a session with him."

The raja played with the stranger and was defeated too.

"Ha! Ha!! Ha!!!" laughed the stranger with greater gusto.

"Stop!" Sumant cut him off, "Don't be too proud until you have defeated our Maharaja!"

The Maharaja was in no mood to play. But Sumant had thrown such a vigorous challenge at the stranger on his behalf that he was obliged to sit



for the game.

To everybody's surprise, the stranger was defeated in the very first game. The Maharaja was cheered by Sumant and others. Looking pale, the stranger requested for another game. Alas! He was defeated again!

The court congratulated the Maharaja with a prolonged applause. The Maharaja was visibly puffed up. Long and bright was his smile.

During the rest of his stay at Bodhpur the Maharaja found everything so nice! He praised

the raja and his minister for their able administration of the state before his departure.

In the evening Sumant was asked by his nephew, "What was the fun in your making me don a disguise and play chess with the Maharaja? And why did you ask me to pretend defeat in his hands?"

"My dear boy!" said Sumant, smiling, "You have saved us from a crisis. The Maharaja was so much excited at defeating a chess-player whom no one had defeated that he never cared to see our faults!"

Marriages are said to be made in heaven; but the Printer's Devil can make it almost anywhere - just as he did in the title of the story that appeared in Page 36 of the last issue. So, no more bewilderment, dear reader! Please read it as **Mirage**.

—Editor.

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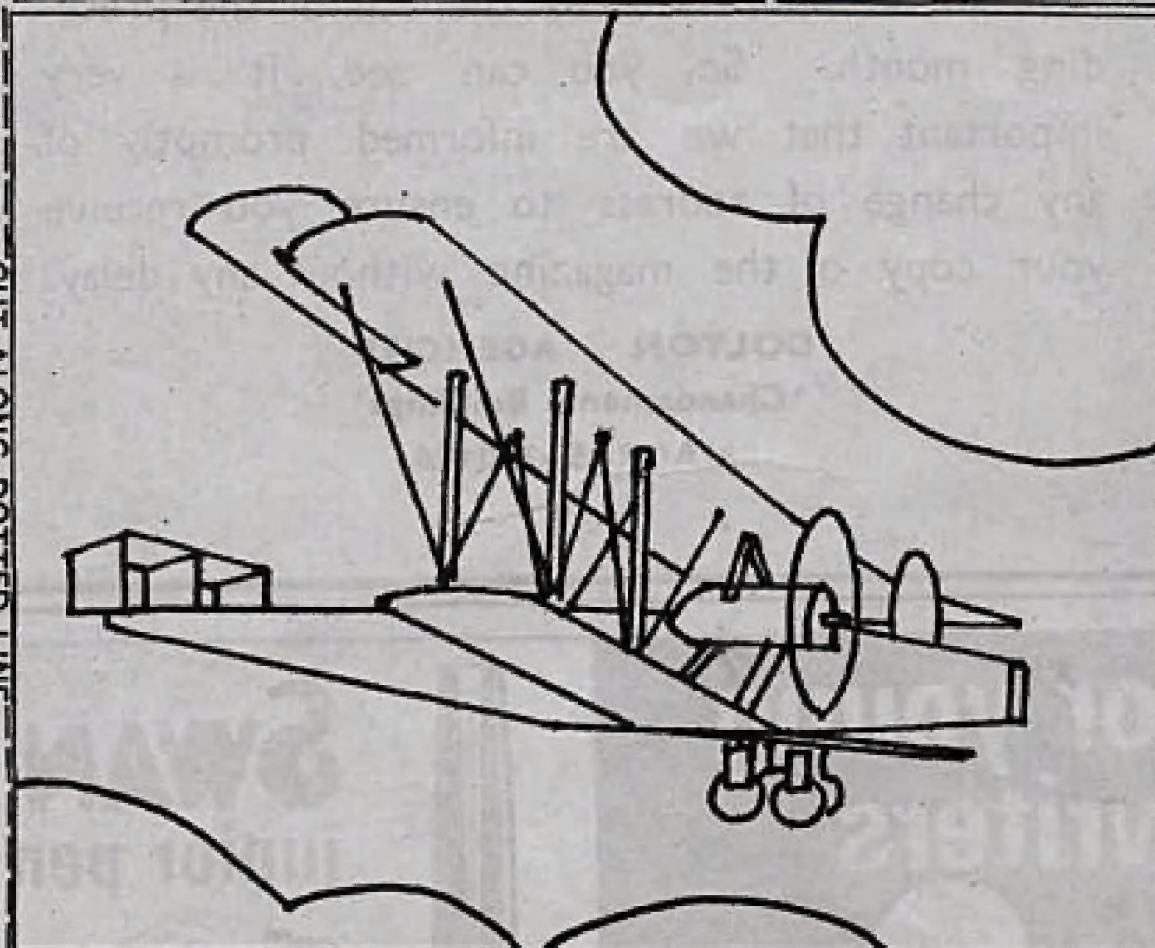
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CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE



Only students upto the age of 12 years can participate. Colour the above picture in any of the 'Camel' colours. Send in your coloured entries at the following address.

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Bombay-400 005. The results will be final and no correspondence regarding the same will be considered.

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

Send entries before: 20-12-1976

Please see that the complete picture is painted

CONTEST NO.6

Results of Chandamama-Camlin Colouring Contest No. 4 (English)

1st Prize: Bernard H. Heinicke, Bombay. 2nd Prize: Kamal Kishore Sinha, Jamshedpur. 3rd Prize: K. Ramanujachary, Hyderabad. 4th Prize: Beryl Machado, Bombay. Pavitra Amin, Bombay. Usha Bala, Bombay. Shashirekha Mitra, Allahabad. Sally A. Wagh, Bombay. Merit Certificates: Jay Kumar Mazumdar, Delhi. Sundeep C. Vanjari, Bombay. Pramod A. Dhumal, Bombay. Prashant S. Bartake, Bombay. Nitin Narayan Desai, Bombay. Chavvi Mathur, Secunderabad. P. Antony, Bangalore. Sujatha Kannan, Bombay. A. Venkata Raman, Visakhapatnam. Radha Raman, Bombay.

Milk

flows into

Asoka

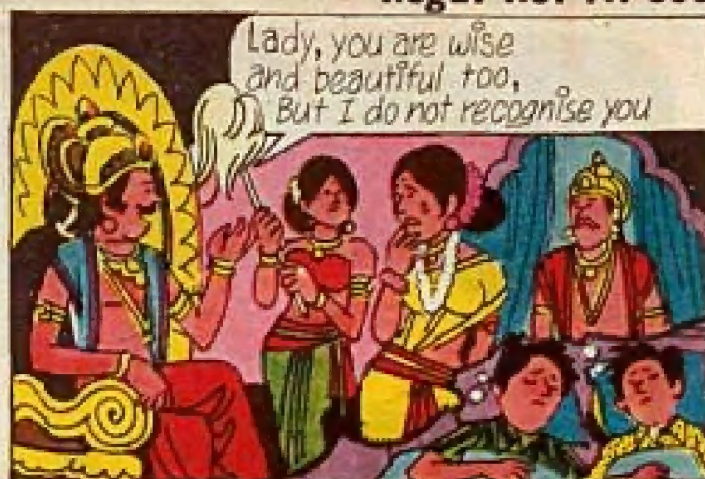
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Milk
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BREEZE-AB/9/76



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Oh wise and gracious king, In a fish we found this ring



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